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Norah, Bernard & Co.

THE secret is out at last. Readers of the daily press must have been astonished, to put it mildly, when they saw the details of Sir Bernard Docker's dispute with the directors of the B.S.A. On this occasion, the discreet silence in which British businessmen normally conduct their showdowns was broken. Tempers were lost and hasty words spoken. And what, as a result, do we find? That a great deal of the conspicuous consumption for which the Dockers have become notorious was being consumed—quite legally—at the expense of H.M. Treasury. The gold-plated Daimler? Expenses. The zebra-skin-upholstered Daimler? Expenses. The silver-starred Daimler? Expenses. Lady Docker's gold-and-mink outfit? Expenses—to the tune of £5,000.

This last item, it appears, was the final straw which broke the long-suffering back of Sir Bernard's tax-inspector. It was high time that someone protested and such practices were exposed. Inspectors of the Inland Revenue must watch impotently while the business world tempers the cold winds of personal taxation by a system of avoidance based upon "expenses" and other devices. "Tax avoidance," said Mr. Harold Wilson in his speech on the budget, "has become a major national industry." A recent circular, sent round to businessmen by a firm of tax consultants, lists 20 major categories of legal avoidance. Trade papers, such as *Taxation*, openly advertise companies with tax losses as "business opportunities." How much the Exchequer is losing can only be guessed at: one indication, however, is that surtax revenue has risen only 115 per cent. since 1938, although surtax rates have gone up 46 per cent. and incomes increased threefold.

It is no use blaming the Inland Revenue. Its inspectors have to operate a tax-structure that is riddled with loopholes and anomalies. It is up to the Chancellor to introduce legislative changes of a kind which the Opposition has been demanding for years. The pleas of Labour spokesmen were authoritatively reinforced by the report of the Royal Commission on Taxation of Profits and Income, which specifically advocated legislation against the use of trusts and covenants for tax evasion. Has the Chancellor followed the Commission's advice? Not a bit of it. There is not a single provision, in any of the 35 clauses of Mr. Macmillan's budget, which makes the slightest attempt to correct these glaring abuses.

Why? When Mr. Wilson asked this question, Mr. Macmillan made no reply. The reason was not that nothing could be done, but that the living standards of the British upper-income groups now depend in a very large degree on legal tax-avoidance. If the system were tightened up, the aspect of Tory prosperity which is most popular with the Government's most valuable supporters would be shattered. On ceasing to be Chairman of B.S.A. Sir Bernard Docker explains that he has to change his way of life not because he has suffered any appreciable loss of income—his job brought him, in his own words, "fourpence a year"—but because he automatically ceased to benefit from a tax-avoidance system that is quite legal. And Sir Bernard is merely one outstanding member of a rapidly expanding class. The Mayfair merry-go-round, the London "Season," the whole spending pattern of upper-class living, is, to a great and increasing extent, being financed out of revenue that should go to meet national needs.

These facts—of which the Docker scandal provides a timely reminder—reinforce the criticisms we made two weeks ago of the ostentatious displays of luxury which are now a nightly occurrence in London. Mr. Macmillan's pious supplications for wage restraint appear blatantly hypocritical to wage-earners who have no legal ways of meeting their increasing expenses except by demanding higher rates for the job. Wage-earners now know—after reading about the Dockers in their newspapers—that the Chancellor indirectly finances much of the luxury spending which he deplores in his speeches and which his entire financial policy is intended to eliminate. Now it may be beyond Mr. Macmillan's powers to curb the activities of Bunny, Flockie & Co., but Norah, Bernard & Co. are quite another matter. He has ample means to deal with them. What is he waiting for?

Comments on the Week's News

No Surrender on Cyprus

The arrival of Sir John Harding in London led to a good deal of speculation earlier this week that the government was planning to reopen negotiations on Cyprus by bringing Archbishop Makarios to London. It was said that Sir Anthony Eden was deeply impressed by the lack of support in the country for his present policy—of which the latest Gallup Poll provides striking confirmation—and was going to use the arrest of 17 leading terrorists (the announcement of which was planned to coincide with Sir John's arrival) as a face-saving device to prove that Eoka had been beaten and law and order restored. On Tuesday evening, however, Sir John himself addressed an all-party meeting of M.P.s and dissipated the rumours. He made it quite clear that he would resign rather than resume negotiations with Makarios; in his opinion, he said, terrorism would be broken by the end of the year, and he then hoped to find more moderate elements with whom to negotiate. Sir John impressed many M.P.s as politically naive. Unless the government rejects his advice—which seems, for the moment, unlikely—the degrading tragedy of Cyprus will continue indefinitely. Faced with this appalling prospect, the duty of the Labour Party is clear. Since Makarios was exiled, it has, on two occasions, divided the House on Cyprus. But it has shown—doubtless for excellent reasons—marked restraint in attacking the government; on the last occasion, in particular, only a two-line whip was issued, and the government majority, in consequence, rose to 78. This is not good enough. Cyprus is now the dominant issue in British politics; it is arousing increasing popular concern; and it is doing immeasurable damage to Britain's reputation abroad. The time has now come for the Opposition to attack the government with all the resources at its command. In particular, Mr. Gaitskell must bring to the problem of Cyprus the same energy and determination he displayed so conspicuously in the case of Commander Crabb.

The Importance of Tito

The red carpet has been rolled out for Tito in Moscow; and—as an extra titbit—the long-awaited resignation of his old antagonist Molotov has been timed to coincide with his arrival. What is the significance of this assiduous Soviet wooing? Almost exactly a year ago, Bulganin and Krushchev went to Belgrade cap in hand to inaugurate the public phase of the post-Stalin revolution. Tito replied by relaxing his ties with the West and adopting an emphatically neutral position. But this phase is now over; with the exception of Hungary, where Tito takes particular exception to the Rakosi group, all the satellites have normalised their relations with Yugoslavia. He cannot reasonably demand further apologies. What he is now interested in are more concrete expressions of friendship—notably economic aid. This is undoubtedly the principal subject on the agenda in Moscow. In return, however, Krushchev is angling for a diplomatic victory: the public withdrawal of Yugoslavia from the Balkan Pact. The Pact is no longer of any interest to Tito, and, since the Greco-Turkish quarrel, it has practically ceased to function: but he would probably prefer to allow it to die a natural death, rather than risk losing U.S. aid by antagonising Washington (where demands for a "tougher" line have been growing recently). The outcome of the talks will therefore depend largely on the aid terms Russia has to offer. The visit is also being used for an exchange of views on the general Communist strategy in the Balkans and the Mediterranean. Can the Cyprus problem be exploited to replace the present Greek Government by a Popular Front? What tactics should the Italian C.P.—now acting as the keynote party in western Europe—adopt? What form should the new "industrial differentiation" policy in the Balkan satellites take? Tito is naturally concerned in all these problems, and the Moscow talks show that, in future, no decisions will be taken in this area until he has been consulted. The "reconciliation" phase has now been succeeded by a more permanent relationship of active Soviet-Yugoslav co-operation in the formulation of policy.

The Saar Agreement

After six years of haggling, France and Germany have at last reached agreement on the Saar. This—in so far as it removes the principal source of friction between the two countries—is to be welcomed. Since the referendum, the Saar's return to Germany had been a foregone conclusion, but the French were expected to fight a long and acrimonious rearguard action. In the event, however, agreement was reached in a single session, and M. Mollet took a realistic view. He succeeded in delaying economic reintegration until 1960, and he obtained German agreement to the Moselle Canal project, which will allow the Lorraine steel industry to compete more favourably with the Ruhr. He also obtained valuable concessions in the Warndt, where the French will get 90 million tons of coal in the next 20 years. Nevertheless, the chief significance of the agreement cannot be obscured: the vital industrial nexus of the Saar will now pass into German hands, and the balance of economic power in western Europe will move decisively and permanently across the Rhine. So far, press reactions have been restrained (a tribute to the International Press Institute, which has made valiant efforts to persuade French and German editors to comment objectively on the problem). *Le Monde*, for instance, welcomes the agreement as "inevitable", and calculates that it will eventually be ratified by the Assembly. But much will depend on the details of the settlement (which have not yet been worked out), and on German and Saar good faith in carrying them out. On this score the French have had good reason to complain in the past, and any attempt by, say, the Ruhr industrialists to delay implementation of the Moselle project, could prejudice the entire agreement. Dr. Adenauer, however, can be expected to exert all his influence to secure the co-operation of German industry: he is vitally interested in the settlement, because the access of the overwhelmingly Catholic Saar vote may prove of decisive importance to the Christian Democrats in next year's Federal elections.

Stevenson's Victory

After his decisive victory in the California primary, it seems certain that Adlai Stevenson will be the Democratic candidate in November. He beat Estes Kefauver by a wide margin—even though some Republicans may, as California law permits, have cast votes against Stevenson as "the man to beat". Now he goes to Chicago with 260 convention votes already committed to him, and with Kefauver (who was well ahead of him at the same stage four years ago) trailing with only 142 delegates. It will not be hard for Mr. Stevenson to pick up the remainder he needs to ensure nomination, but it is likely that the nominating process will go to a second ballot if only to sort out vice-presidential claimants. Mr. Stevenson will undoubtedly get the support of the "moderate" South, led by Senator Lyndon Johnson, and Senator Johnson is clearly one of the leading contenders for second place on the Democratic ticket, though heart trouble may prevent him from undertaking a vigorous campaign if he should be chosen. Since the main fight at the Democratic convention will be over the platform on Negro rights and desegregation—with Stevenson taking a compromise position—it is unlikely that he will accept either Kefauver or Governor Harriman as a running mate. Another possible candidate for vice-president is Senator Stuart Symington, the former Secretary of Air, who has been groomed as a dark horse in case of a convention deadlock between Stevenson and Kefauver. He may play the same role if the convention seems likely to split between the South, now lined up behind Johnson, and the northern Liberals who want to see Harriman or another Fair Dealer chosen as Stevenson's partner.

Cruelty to Children

Sensitive parents who read the B.M.A. report published last week on Cruelty to and Neglect of Children, may unhappily conclude that they are themselves guilty of psychological cruelty. If so, they are "problem parents," eligible for visits from some of the forty kinds of accredited visitors who can now come knocking at their door. This is not an argument against making every effort to forestall such appalling instances of child cruelty as we have been recently told about in the newspapers. On the contrary, it is only to urge that here is a case for sensible reorganisation so that the necessary specialists, most of them admirable workers—probation officers, trained psychiatrists, and case workers for Family Service units—can be used to the best advantage. It may well be that a Royal Commission is wanted to suggest ways of rationalising and unifying the process. Local differences of procedure are multiplying fast. The Home Secretary is already getting names for a departmental committee to begin work on some of the problems, but we doubt if it will tackle the most important—the eternal problem whether to bring a case before a juvenile court, take it to a child guidance clinic, or let the police and parents dispose of it in one of the new unofficial ways that seem recently to have been developing, particularly in the North of England.

NEXT WEEK

Summer Books

An enlarged issue including

V. S. PRITCHETT: The Writer as Traveller

and reviews by

KINGSLEY MARTIN, JOHN SUMMERSON, C. P. SNOW, MARGARET LANE, ARTHUR MARSHALL, MARY SCRUTTON, G. W. STONIER and ANTHONY CARSON

News from Our Own Correspondents

Warsaw

The New Mood

John Freeman writes from Warsaw: Poland is full of surprises to the stranger with a conventional western view of a Peoples' Democracy. Three incidents which occurred within two or three hours of my arrival in Warsaw show what I mean. I landed in this reconstructed city, at once the ugliest and the most heroic in Europe, to find a battery of cameramen and reporters waiting on the tarmac. Their victim was a nondescript middle-aged man whom I had noticed on the journey only because I had heard him speak a few words of English. As he stepped from the plane, reporters surrounded him; he was joined by his family who had been waiting ("they were much better dressed than I expected," he said later), and VIPed through the customs. His name was Franciszek Szwajdler—though not many people even in Poland would have remembered it. But even without a name he is a significant contemporary figure. He is the emigré returned—the direct product of the Soviet 20th Congress and of the wave of so-called democratisation which has swept Poland in the last few months. Szwajdler is not even a Socialist. A lawyer from Lodz, he was a member of the executive of the right-wing National Party up to 1939. Since then he has been chairman of the party in exile, in both Germany and the U.S. Now he has chosen to return—to settle in Lodz and devote himself, as the official Communist paper puts it, "to legal work."

An hour later, as I drove through Warsaw, my car was held up outside St. Alexander's Church by the crowds milling in the streets at the close of a Corpus Christi procession which had all the trimmings—banners and vestments, processional crosses, children in their First Communion dresses and flowers everywhere. (Warsaw is full of flowers—usually seen through a layer of dust.) A journalist subsequently estimated the crowd to me at 250,000. Divide that figure by three, which is probably judicious, and the result is still a sizeable crowd for a Catholic demonstration in the capital of a Peoples' Democracy. Incidentally the authorities did nothing to obstruct this sort of celebration; and Corpus Christi day, a traditional public holiday in Catholic Poland, is still one under the present regime. This year, I am told, for the first time, the celebrations were reported in *Trybuna Ludu* (the daily newspaper of the party central committee) and no rival demonstration was organised by the Communists to distract the young people.

I was unaware, to my shame, that I had arrived in Warsaw on the official celebration of Queen Elizabeth's birthday. My Polish friends reminded me. They were going to the British Embassy party—would I not come too? It would be a convenient way of meeting people. How right they were! It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the way the world has changed in recent months than the list of guests at this rather tatty little embassy. There was the Prime Minister paying his first visit, the Foreign Minister, the Marshal of the Sejm, the editor of *Nowe Drogi*, the theoretical Party weekly—he has the reputation of being the most stiff-necked and uncompromising Communist in Warsaw—and what *Trybuna Ludu* calls "Members of the Council of State and Government," generals, representatives of the world of culture and journalists. To my knowledge there were no less than six members of the central committee present.

Joseph Cyrankiewicz, the Premier, is a strikingly impressive figure in both appearance and manner. Thanks to the coincidence of the Embassy party I found myself chatting informally to him within three hours of my arrival. Huge and bland, a hairless bull of a man, he talks confidently and fluently; and I found him prepared to answer the few questions I could put to him at a crowded party with candour and without apparent inhibition. What had he especially in mind, I asked him, when in a recent speech he had spoken of the need for a change in methods of central economic planning? It was necessary, he said, to decentralise much of the planning of economic and industrial life. More decisions must be taken regionally, and more in individual enterprises. The very word enterprise—with its two meanings, abstract and concrete—gave the clue to what he had in mind (a triumph this for the interpreter and characteristic of Cyrankiewicz's epigrammatic turn of speech). That meant greater incentives for risk taking and responsibility at the level of factory management. What sort of incentives? Financial ones, of course. Capitalism had shown how financial incentives can be effective in promoting efficiency and Socialism must not ignore these lessons. He was especially interested at present in Yugoslav methods of planning; "There is perhaps something which can be learnt from them."

Cyrankiewicz, an old Socialist, has no doubt about the success of his policy of fusion with the Communists. To the doubts of western Socialists he replies: "We have shown ourselves to be the realist Socialists." Have they? It is certain that Cyrankiewicz himself is held in high esteem by the people here, and he and his ex-Socialist followers have shown a good deal of courage and political adroitness in tailoring the demands of Communism to the individual characteristics of Poland. At the moment it is easy to believe that his strategy has paid off, that after some very bad times (which have probably been less bad than in the other Peoples' Democracies) a new era of democratisation, free discussion and parliamentary authority over the executive is dawning. If that hope proves true, Cyrankiewicz will have shown himself a "realist Socialist," but many questions have still to be answered before I, for one, can be entirely convinced.

Washington

Atoms for Industry

Our Correspondent in Washington writes: The proposal that the United States should offer to construct as an aid measure atomic power plants in overseas countries is receiving serious consideration here. First advanced by Robert McKinney, a Santa Fe publisher and chairman of the Citizens' Panel on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, the proposal has now been endorsed by Senator Clinton P. Anderson, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. Senator Anderson holds that such a gesture would be convincing evidence of America's interest in peace. He estimates that the proposal would cost about $1,000 million over a five-year period. He emphasises that such a programme would cost only a small part of what is currently contemplated in military aid and would "pay far greater dividends both in security and satisfaction."

Meanwhile, recent Congressional hearings have stirred misgivings as to U.S. progress in the production of industrial atomic power. Always technologically competitive, the Americans are impressed by Calder Hall and by the Soviet programme of atomic-generated power. The Americans have plans calling for only 689,000 kilowatts of such power by 1960, compared with a projected Soviet capacity of 2,500,000 kilowatts. Mr. Lewis Strauss, chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, defends this situation in terms of needs and comparative costs. Countries such as Britain and the Soviet Union, he says, are less richly endowed with alternative power sources than the United States and thus have an incentive to produce nuclear energy that does not exist here. The generation of energy through atomic reactors is—at least in the present state of scientific knowledge—so costly as to be economically impractical from the point of view of private industry in a country where other sources of energy are plentiful and cheap. This argument has not impressed Senator Albert Gore who has urged a "crash" programme of Government-built industrial reactors and has sponsored a bill to authorise the Government to construct six plants to demonstrate the practical use of atomic power for industry. At the root of American hesitations in this field is the doctrinal opposition of private enterprise to such public initiative. Hardly in a position to underwrite costly atomic development themselves, the private utilities interests are bitterly resisting Government action. The view of the Eisenhower Administration is that there should be a "partnership" between Government and industry in these matters, as indeed there should be in other economic fields. This is essentially a policy whereby the Government finances the uneconomic developmental stages of a programme and private industry takes over when risk has virtually been eliminated.

Algeria

Siege-town

Our Paris Correspondent writes from Tlemcen: Oran is the last peaceful oasis in western Algeria. Relatively peaceful, that is, since there have already been three major riots in the town and individual acts of terrorism are still frequent. But, by comparison with the other big towns, Oran is calm, life is almost normal and even the curfew is not enforced. The "zone of insecurity," as the French call it (the Arabs call it "the territory of the Army of Liberation"), is to the south and west. Tlemcen is its centre. In the old days Tlemcen was the intellectual capital of Algeria, and it is still, next to Constantine, the most important Arab town in the country. But getting to it from Oran is quite a job. Officials, such as M. Max Lejeune, travel by helicopter; troops go in large, heavily-armed convoys; civilians go either by train or autocar, but only in daylight and at their own risk. Guards are stationed at intervals along the track, but they are not much use: every few yards you see smashed telegraph poles and other evidence of sabotage. The train travels painfully slowly, as if it were afraid to penetrate enemy territory: it took us four and a half hours to cover the 100-mile journey.

A month ago a three-day battle was fought in Tlemcen. At one time it was thought that the Army of Liberation intended to seize the entire town and transform it into the capital of the revolt; but the rebels are not, as yet, either numerous or well-armed enough to defeat the French army in a pitched battle, and the town is once more firmly in the hands of the authorities. The streets are crammed with troops; there are machine-gun posts on roofs and balconies; jeep-loads of troops patrol the roads; at seven-thirty

every evening, everyone retires to their homes and barbed-wire fences are dragged across all the entrances to the town.

But despite this massive display of French strength, terrorism continues in Tlemcen—in itself objective proof of the failure of the *solution militaire*. The first day I arrived, just after noon, there was an outbreak of shooting from the Arab quarter. Police and troops hurried to the spot to find one of their informers dead, and all the nearby Arab shops shut. No trace of the terrorists. Naturally, no one had seen them. No point in searching nearby houses and questioning their inhabitants: the Arab population is united in silence. A typical incident in the life of Tlemcen, a siege-town ruled neither by the French nor the Arabs —but by fear.

Westminster

"Outrageous?"

Even before this week's debate on Kenya opened in the House of Commons, a large question mark hung over the Chamber. Why had the Parliamentary Labour Party decided not to issue a Three Line Whip? Why had it decided not to vote at all?

This question mark had grown larger before the debate had been in progress twenty minutes. Arthur Creech Jones opened mildly enough, paying tribute to the economic and welfare work which the Kenya administration was developing despite the activities of Mau Mau. He maintained his mild, almost apologetic, manner throughout. But after his opening, he proceeded to make charges which were in themselves so serious that they needed no emphasis.

In Kenya today, he said, 46,000 persons were under detention. They were detained without a charge being made against them and without any order for their detention being made by the courts. They included children, caught in indiscriminate sweeps, without their parents, and without any protection from convicted criminals with whom they were forced to mingle. They included parents without their children, whom they had been forced to leave unprotected at home. They were detained indefinitely.

Of those who *had* been tried, some were no more than children. One girl of twelve had been given a life sentence for consorting with people who carried arms. Others of similar age were in solitary confinement.

As I listened to Creech Jones' account, I understood less and less how the Labour Party could be content merely to press for an inquiry into the administration of justice in Kenya. If these charges were fact, nothing less than a vote of censure on the government responsible would be adequate. We had rightly tried to present lists to the Russian leaders of men who were held in prison without charge or trial behind the Iron Curtain. Why were we not now presenting lists to the Colonial Secretary of people similarly held in our own colonies? Perhaps these charges were not facts but only rumours?

When John Hare, the Minister of State, replied he did, in fact, deny some of them. Looking up occasionally from a set brief, full of figures about the decline of Mau Mau, about the sanitary arrangements in detention camps which made these places sound like spas, and about the educational, welfare and economic progress of the colony, he seemed, at first, to deny that girls of twelve were being sentenced to prison and then later to suggest that such points had best be dealt with at the end of the debate by the Colonial Secretary. But interjections and protests from the Labour benches at this point were so strong that it was difficult to tell what Hare was saying. From the look on his face, it seemed as if he could not tell himself. When he sat down, the question mark was certainly no smaller. A few minutes later it was to overwhelm the Chamber.

Fenner Brockway spoke quietly almost throughout. He spoke fairly of the courage of Kenya settlers, farming by day, guarding their families by night. He condemned the atrocities committed by Mau Mau. Then, quietly but devastatingly, he came to the administration of justice. Those twelve-year-old girls whose imprisonment Hare had seemed to deny—Brockway held their prison record sheets in his hand. One, aged 11, had been sentenced to seven years hard labour for taking illegal oaths. Two others, aged 12, had been sentenced to life imprisonment for consorting with men who bore arms. Brockway read their names, their prison numbers, every detail from the prison sheets. Three more had been given 16 days' solitary confinement, each in a tiny hut almost without light—this on the evidence of the prison commandant himself, which he read to the House. Men were kept manacled in prison indefinitely and, for three months at a time, were chained to each other. Further, in a colony of Britain, where hanging is about to be abolished, men and women were being hanged who had not even been convicted of murder. Out of 1,000 hangings in the past three years only 300 were of convicted murderers. Finally, Brockway picked up the statement issued by the British Government, detailing the welfare schemes which had been started in a Kenya detention camp. He showed that these schemes had been started by Miss Eileen Fletcher who had herself at last resigned her job as Rehabilitation Officer because of the general conditions which were imposed in the camp and that, after her resignation, even her welfare schemes had been dropped.

These documented facts, produced by Creech Jones and Brockway, were not new. They had already been published. They must have been known to the government when it prepared its statement and to Hare when he prepared his speech. Why then did the government seem to dissemble? But, even more, why, when the Parliamentary Labour Party knew them too, did it decide not to back its protest with a vote?

The question mark remained throughout the debate, glowing fiercely from time to time, as when Barbara Castle produced evidence that many even of the new public works for which the government was taking credit were in fact being built by forced labour from these notorious detention camps. It was not answered by Nye Bevan's winding-up speech. He suggested that we should not vote until all the evidence was available, and hence he pressed for an impartial inquiry. Yet he clearly accepted already much of the evidence as fact, for he declared that he was deeply disturbed at what had been revealed, and indeed described it as "outrageous." Lennox-Boyd's final reply stirred the anger still further.

Not to vote against what is judged outrageous can itself be outrageous.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

The Unions and the Middle Class

On the evidence of its inaugural meeting in London last Thursday, it is tempting to dismiss the People's League for the Defence of Freedom as a very pale imitation of the Poujadist movement, with that amiable demagogue, Mr. W. J. Brown, casting himself in the role of Poujade. For this new body, which seems to have both money and good organisers behind it, so far lacks the violent temper of the French movement. The audience at the Porchester Hall consisted of disgruntled members of the middle class, riddled with social prejudice, eager to applaud wisecracks about bureaucrats or snide remarks about trade unionists. True, the fifth paragraph of its objects envisages a "national emergency" in which members may be asked to "co-operate in keeping the life of the community going". But the mood of this meeting was closer to a compartment on the 8.15, any Monday morning, when the bowler-hats snigger over the silly stories Cross-Bencher has written the previous day, than to a rally of potential strike-breakers.

Yet the mood itself cannot be easily dismissed. The middle class is irritated—by inflation and high taxes, by civil servants and by planning, above all by unofficial strikes and by the evident power of the trade unions. Much of this irritation may be illogical and ill-informed, and to judge from Mr. Brown's speech it will become more illogical and worse informed by the propaganda of this League. But it is clearly sharpening to the point of political pressure, both inside local Conservative organisations and in protest movements of this kind, and the trade unions are to be the target of its resentment. The promoters of this League insist vehemently that they are not opposed to trade unions, that they are against all abuses of power, monopolies and restrictions upon freedom. But their Liberal chairman, Mr. Edward Martell, has already called for a seven-point reform in trade union law which ranges from the abolition of the political levy to the dissolution of unions in which less than half the members vote in elections of the officers, and he wishes to amend the central point of the Trades Disputes Act of 1906 by bringing back the legal liabilities imposed by the Taff Vale judgment. The theme of last Thursday's meeting, and of the printed material published by the League, is the "tyranny" of trade unionism, the need for the "open shop", and for real private enterprise, which even includes—in the case of Mr. Brown—leasing the pits back to businessmen to restore the quality of coal and "require of the miners a fair day's work".

At this stage, the wilder flights of Mr. Brown's fancy are not likely to make much appeal. There is no doubt, however, that anti-union propaganda has made much of unofficial and jurisdictional strikes, of Communist penetration, and of the recurrent rounds of wage-increases. Each of these has caused middle-class resentment. Each of them, presented in isolation and prejudicially, recruits public opinion behind the enemies of trade unionism, the business interests which believe that Britain's economic problems can be solved only by cutting the living standards of the working class. Wages cannot be driven down—and this solution would simultaneously reduce the import bill and cut export prices—until the trade unions have been discredited and weakened, and this is to be done by blaming their "irresponsibility" for our economic difficulties, by permitting enough unemployment to reduce their bargaining power, and, if possible, by restrictive legislation.

That is the real objective of the current campaign for "freedom" from trade union "tyranny". And it is a pity that there are stupid trade unionists who behave in a way that feeds this agitation, not with countless examples of victimisation, restrictive practices and unnecessary strikes but with enough cases for the press to

suggest that such abuses are widespread. Such men profit from a labour shortage in just the same way that businessmen profiteer from shortages of food or other essential commodities. In each case, individuals parody and exaggerate the role that the current level of supply and demand allots their class, and in neither case are they typical. The trade union movement has its problems, but abuse of its power is the least of them: it is ludicrous to pretend that it is dominated by irresponsible bosses, or that the rank-and-file are putty in the hands of wild and vicious men. This kind of fantasy (as Mr. Tom Burns pointed out in his striking article "The Cold Class War" published in this journal on April 7, 1956) can only gain currency because there has been an almost total failure to bridge the social and psychological gulf that separates the worker from the middle class.

A society gets the trade unions that it deserves, for they reflect the patterns of business organisation with which they have to deal, and their morality is likely to be no better and no worse than the prevailing economic morals. Professor Galbraith (in his book, *American Capitalism*) has shown this quite conclusively in the case of trade unions in the U.S., and his theory of "countervailing power" substantially applies to this country as well. When Mr. Butler "set the economy free", and announced that if all of us tried to enrich ourselves, we should automatically enrich the country, he also set the trade unions free; they had no choice but to get what they could out of the scramble for their members. There cannot be one rule for private enterprise and another for the unions, no restraint on profits, dividends and capital gains, yet restrictions on wage claims. If people on fixed incomes have felt the cold wind of inflation, they should place the blame for it on Mr. Butler and his colleagues, doctrinaires who simply gambled away the post-Korea chance of stabilising prices and wages; and they should understand that successive wage claims are not the cause of our economic difficulties, but the result of the government's irresponsibility and incompetence. By taxation changes and by the abolition of subsidies, the government has been busy redistributing the national income away from wage-earners, and wage demands are the inevitable response—the inevitable attempt by industrial battles to hold ground that is being lost on the political front.

Secondly, it is fashionable to blame these wage demands for the worsening of our trade position. This case is far from proved. Under the Tory government, a consumption boom has been deliberately encouraged for political reasons, and without reckoning its real economic cost. And just as this boom has pushed up our import costs, so the diversion of production to non-essentials—the cossetting of the home market—has hampered the export drive. Moreover, investment has been cut back, and the credit squeeze has increased costs without bringing on the thorough-going deflation which would be its only justification. It is futile to pretend that our economy can be rescued by curbing current wage demands, when in fact these demands are only one symptom of the mismanagement of the whole economy.

The third line of attack focuses on restrictive practices, on inter-union disputes and on union resistance to new techniques and equipment. Now we have full employment, it is said, these practices are out of date and economically harmful. Yet union members do not yet believe that full employment is here to stay, and every day gives them fresh reason for disbelief. With a Tory government in power, with economic difficulties looming up, and with respectable economists solemnly discussing whether we need 600,000 or 700,000 unemployed to bring us back to "full" employment from our present state of "over-full" employment, it is scarcely surprising that the men think twice about abandoning traditional positions of defence. They see, moreover, that industry is still dominated by restrictive and monopolistic practices, that much of it is badly organised and even more of it is managed inefficiently, utterly unsuited to the demands that are made on it, and this adds to their cynicism. If output and productivity lag, the responsibility lies with those who organise industry, who mismanage their labour relations, and who object to any effective planning of the economy.

It is against this background that one must set more sober and constructive suggestions for modernising the trade unions, such as those made in the pamphlet (*Trade Unions*, 3d.) just published by the *Daily Mirror*. It is true that much of the traditional structure is anachronistic, and that modern conditions require something much closer to industrial unionism, just as internal democracy in the unions requires local organisation based largely upon the workplace. This trend was already clear before the onset of automation, which will blur and remove the old lines of union demarcation in many industries. Next, the unions must undertake much more elaborate and more far-reaching educational programmes, not merely to make their members more flexible in their approach to new problems and conditions, but to help them acquire the new skills they will need. Thirdly, there has to be a change in trade union finances: reorganisation and effective education will cost money, and neither of them can be done without improving the status and quality of the union leaders. Loyalty and security of tenure are no substitute for adequate salaries. And if the unions are to adapt themselves successfully, they must compete with business and the professions for trained administrators and specialists, just as the American trade unions have done. They must take more graduates from universities and technical colleges, and make it possible for more of their promising members to get such training—with the assurance that they can afterwards make a satisfactory career in the trade union movement.

Such changes are needed. They are far more important than the defects on which anti-union propaganda has eagerly seized, and they are the context in which detailed problems—internal democracy and discipline, the rights of individual members, inter-union rivalries, the powers of the T.U.C. and even the thorny question of a wages policy—must be seen and eventually settled. The danger of demagogic attacks on the unions is that they will distract attention from the real issues and drive the unions in self-defence to take refuge in a sterile neo-syndicalism. Mr. Brown and those who think like him are not fighting for a free and progressive union movement, as they claim to be. They are waging the cold class war.

Religion on the Air

THAT the BBC should have a Religious Broadcasting Department is by most of us taken for granted. But the fact, when one thinks of it, is not unremarkable. There is no Political Broadcasting Department, or Scientific Broadcasting Department, or Department for the Broadcasting of Literary and Artistic Criticism. Religion alone has a Department to itself.

And there is not only the Religious Broadcasting Department; there are the Religious Broadcasting Advisory Committees. The BBC, to quote the current *Handbook*, "has always been empowered under the Charter to appoint 'persons or committees' for the purpose of advising the Corporation, and this power has been very amply used." In connection with programmes, the Corporation now has a General and six Regional Advisory Councils; a Central and three Regional Councils for School Broadcasting; and a number of committees, both central and regional, to give advice in particular fields, namely religion, music, science, agriculture and (in a somewhat different category) appeals. The numerical strength of these committees suggests some interesting reflections. The Advisory Committees on music, science and agriculture have, between them, 87 members; the Religious Advisory Committee has 106 members, and 90 are Reverends. This may not mean much—it is difficult for the outsider to judge; but it would seem, on the face of it, that religion, and Reverends, play a much larger part in the councils of the BBC than they do in the life of the ordinary citizen—to whom, as the Catholic Bishop of Salford admits in an article in *The Tablet* of April 21, religion is "simply irrelevant to the question of living," and the Church "just another museum piece, a milestone at the side of the road along which mankind has passed on its onward march."

One of the main concerns of the Religious Broadcasting Department is, naturally, with the broadcasting of religious services. But, apart from this, how does it conceive its function? To provide a platform on which religious issues can be discussed, and from which a knowledge of world religions can be disseminated? Not on your life. To the Religious Broadcasting Department, religious broadcasting means Christian broadcasting, and Christian broadcasting means Christian indoctrination.

They are quite frank about this. The BBC has just issued a new official pamphlet *Religion on the Air*. It contains three lectures: by the Head of BBC Audience Research, the Head of the Religious Broadcasting Department, and the Rev. George Reindorp, a well-known religious broadcaster (the last-named is not a BBC official, but there is no suggestion that the Corporation does not endorse his views). Mr. Reindorp's talk begins with this pregnant sentence. "The Religious Broadcasting Department of the BBC is that part of the Church which is attempting to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ through the medium of radio and television in every home in the land" (p. 23). "The little brown box," Mr. Reindorp continues jubilantly, "is the greatest evangelistic medium of our time. . . Fifteen religious services a week, the 'People's Service,' 'Sunday Half-Hour,' evensong from a cathedral, 'Lift up Your Hearts,' the *Radio Times* going into millions of homes . . . carrying on its front page at the great festivals a reminder of the great truths of the Faith—these are some of the things for which every parish priest and congregation should surely give thanks." Yes, indeed. And now there is television. "I do not need to tell you," says Mr. Reindorp, "of the enormous influence that this new medium has on our country. . . So then it becomes the vital duty of the Christian laity to see that this new medium is consecrated to the work of evangelism and the extension of the kingdom of God. That is no idle phrase. I mean just that." And he does.

The Religious Broadcasting Department, in

short, is really a Christian Propaganda Department. This would not matter so much if it were allotted a smaller proportion of broadcasting time, and if opposing points of view could be heard on other programmes. But, as *The BBC Handbook* reports, in 1954-5, 388 hours were devoted to religious broadcasting on the London Home and Light Programmes, apart from religious items in School Broadcasts and Children's Hour. This is more than one-third as much time (1,082 hours) as was devoted to talks and discussions on all other subjects combined; that is to say, on politics, foreign affairs, the natural and social sciences, art, literature, travel, agriculture, gardening, domestic arts, hobbies, and all other discussable topics—including Humanism, which must count itself fortunate if it gets an hour's broadcasting a year.

Obviously, this in no way reflects the ordinary man's opinions and interests, but the Religious Broadcasting Department does not suppose that it does. It has studied opinion polls, and it is well aware (to quote *Religion on the Air* once more) that "important specifically Christian beliefs have far less hold than is consistent with a Christian faith that is anything more than nominal." But to the Religious Broadcasting Department this only shows the need for more religious broadcasts.

How far the BBC as a whole shares these views it is hard to say. But its attitude would appear to be that the Corporation is bound by its semi-official status to support the official religion of the country, and that opposing views, however widespread, have no positive claim to be heard—though they may occasionally be allowed half an hour or so of broadcasting time as an act of grace. If one were to point out that the official religion of the country is not only Christian but Protestant, and ask why Catholicism is not similarly outlawed, the BBC would have an immediate answer. Catholics (like Plymouth Brethren, but unlike Unitarians) are "within the main stream of Christian tradition." Humanists are not.

Humanists, naturally, are inclined to chafe; particularly when the BBC, while smilingly refusing them more than an occasional word in edgeways, grows enthusiastic about the value of religious discussion. "I would emphasise," says the Rev. Roy McKay, Head of the Religious Broadcasting Department, "the importance of discussion, debate, teaching, question and answer, controversy" (*Religion on the Air*). But it is of no use for Humanists to prick up their ears. Elsewhere in his talk Mr. McKay gives examples of what the Religious Broadcasting Department regards as really worth-while discussions; three Christians being questioned by schoolboys, and a discussion on the value of Christian Medical Missions, in which the panel consisted of "three doctors, two men and a woman, all of whom had been engaged upon Christian medical missionary work overseas," and "the period of discussion ended with a short service of intercession for the work of medical missionaries"!

In the face of this attitude, what can Humanists do? Surprisingly, the Rev. George Reindorp suggests an answer. In his lecture already quoted, he expresses the view that television religious programmes need brightening up; he urges those who agree with him to do something about it; and in thus urging, he makes a statement with which, for once, I profoundly agree. "It is always so easy," he says, "to complain that the BBC should do this or that, when in actual fact the BBC is governed by *us*. If enough people care enough, and know enough, and think enough, and express their views concisely and cogently enough, then the BBC must inevitably take note." Humanists should be ready to learn from their adversaries.

MARGARET KNIGHT

London Diary

THE affair of Mr. Lang, whose dismissal from I.C.I. was demanded by Security, looks like being a test case. When the White Paper tightening up the precautions against Communism in confidential posts appeared last March, it was defended on the grounds that it merely stated the existing practice and contained adequate safeguards for the individual. Benn Levy, Leslie Hale and others tried to prove that this was altogether too complacent a view. Ritchie Calder, who held a confidential position during the war, gave a shocking illustration of the way in which the security people go to work. Everything goes down in a security dossier, and the fact that the person was, twenty years before, "associated" with Communists (which may have been entirely proper in the job he was doing and in the political situation at the time), remains for ever a black mark on his name. The facts given about Mr. Lang are that he has been for ten years a £5,000-a-year executive of I.C.I., that he married in 1951 a woman who had once been a member of the Communist Party and who had made, as Mr. and Mrs. Lang assert, a complete break with the Party in 1950 and had no contact with it since. Nothing, I gather, is alleged against Mr. Lang, who was himself a staff officer engaged on security duties during the war, nor, as far as we have been told, have there been any charges of "political unreliability" against Mrs. Lang. But the I.C.I. have received a letter from the Treasury solicitor finally stating (after a good deal of previous pressure) that no more secret contracts will be given to I.C.I. if Mr. Lang continues to receive confidential information. This certainly sounds on the face of it as if the fears of Benn Levy and Ritchie Calder were justified. Mr. Lang, who is himself a solicitor, tells me that he has been in touch with Kenneth Younger (once an Under-Secretary of the Home Office) and other M.P.s, and that he intends to fight against his dismissal as a matter of principle. I.C.I., I gather, have no desire to lose his services, and are paying him a handsome sum in compensation. What we have to think about then is not primarily Mr. Lang's individual position. It would be interesting to ask whether I.C.I. are bound to yield before such a threat, which in the case of so formidable a firm could scarcely be carried out. But the real question is whether this kind of pressure is being used in the case of people in a much less good position than Mr. Lang to make a fuss and whether this country is really content to accept Gestapo methods.

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Now that we have an apparently full and authentic text of Krushchev's "Stalin speech" to the 20th Congress, each of us can sift it for nuggets. But the passage that particularly fascinates me is K.'s question from what he described as "a political document of tremendous importance, known in the party history as Lenin's testament." No one doubted that such a document existed. After all, Stalin had used such extracts from it as suited his purpose in his faction fights with Zinoviev, Kamenev and others. A full text appeared in 1926 in the *New York Times*, but Communists have always vehemently insisted that the passage about Stalin in that version was a forgery. In fact, the authenticity of the passage was one of the stock disputes between Stalinists and Trotskyists, partly because Stalin's sycophants wanted to discredit the whole document, which had some very flattering references to Trotsky. Now K. tells us that Lenin did say that Stalin was an intolerably crude type, and that another general secretary should be found for the party—one who had "greater tolerance, greater loyalty, greater kindness, a less capricious temper." K. also produced two fascinating letters on the same point—one from Lenin and another from his wife—which, as K. said, "speak eloquently for themselves." It is a pity that the eloquence went unheard for so long. Soviet Communism might have escaped twenty years of terror, now denounced by Krushchev.

* * *

Just a year ago, you will remember, after a number of fierce articles had appeared in this and other journals, Horror Comics were outlawed by the Children and Young Persons (Harmful Publications) Act. How has this Act worked? Mr. Pumphrey, the Dover headmaster who had much to do with the successful campaign, is obviously dissatisfied. I am not quite sure why. The best British comics like *Eagle*, *Girl* and others of the same kind are apparently doing well. There have been casualties amongst the "bloods," and some of the younger children's comics have disappeared or have been absorbed on the back page of *Tiny Tots*. Comics published by D. C. Thompson maintain a steady circulation of a million. This may be because they still only cost 2d., cram in a large number of strips, and deal "very simply with familiar characters and familiar situations, and are apt to show unpleasant grown-ups worsted by perfectly splendid children." Some "American type" comics still flourish. They deal mainly with supermen, cowboys, crime and space. "Omnipotent Supermen" still smash their humourless, violent way through pointless stories. Cowboys, who are really thinly disguised supermen, still carry out summary justice using fists and guns to achieve their ends. Crimes are still committed in the first few frames of a story so that the superman detective can chase the known criminals, either beating them up or being beaten up himself. The Spacemen still move about the universe apparently with the sole object of finding someone to fight. And in all of these comics female figures clad in tightly fitting garments are introduced wherever there is room. If that's all, the children, I'm sure, can take it.

* * *

President Sukarno's visit to America has been more than a personal success. It may mark a turning point in American progress towards a necessary acceptance of the fact of neutral nations. The President, highly photogenic in white uniform and black velvet *petji* (Muslim cap), won golden opinions by his oratory; Americans enjoyed hearing him call George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln the "spiritual fathers" of the Indonesian revolution. But he pulled no punches. "We are in the era of Asian and African nationalism," he told the Press Club. "No torrent of dollars, no cascade of roubles will change that. Equally, dollars and roubles will mean nothing unless they respect the national aspirations of the people of those continents." "It is said we have bitten off the hand that fed us," he added. "I don't know about that, but we certainly had to bite the hand that starved us before we got rid of colonialism." I look forward to his speeches when he visits Rome, Bonn, and, later on, the Soviet Union.

* * *

My friend A. was sent tickets for a musical called "The Vanishing Island" at the Hippodrome last Saturday night. He came away very cross indeed. It seems that brochures had been sent out by Moral Rearmament asking people to say which night they would like to come. Despite the tickets, seats were not reserved. When my friend arrived there was a long queue. Quite

soon they were told that there was not a hope of getting in, but they would be given a "parallel production" at the Westminster. Double-decker buses were provided. They were assured that although, of course, there could not be the full complement of scenery or actors at the Westminster, they would be given a "wonderful time." In fact they were given a propagandist film and pep talks by Africans and Asians on Moral Re-armament. Many wrongs have been committed in obedience to the scriptural injunction, "Compel them to come in." This in the 20th century presents legal difficulties, but the M.R.A. seems to be doing its best.

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Here is a strange fact. If a child traps his finger in a door at home, there will be no charge for his treatment in hospital. If he traps it in the door of a car, the owner of the car must pay 12s. 6d. Nominally, of course, the payment will come from the insurance company, but few car owners, especially if they try to maintain their no claim bonus, will put in a demand for such an amount. Again, if a cyclist runs into the back of a stationary car, even though it is correctly parked, and has to be treated in hospital or by a doctor, the owner of the car has to pay 12s. 6d. The courts have recently decided that the car-owner has to pay, even in the case of a small boy who climbed under a stationary car and bumped his head. How do these strange anomalies arise? The answer is that under the Road Traffic Acts of 1930 and 1934, hospitals and doctors who treated road casualties were allowed to claim a fee from the person in whose name the vehicle was insured or from the driver of the car. Unaccountably, this right was extended under the National Health Service Act of 1946 to hospitals and doctors in the Service. Hospitals may take quite substantial sums from this source. I know of one small hospital which collects about £200 a year; the money may come in, for instance, from a bus load of passengers who receive a mild shock in some slight road accident and are taken to hospital, looked over and given a couple of aspirins each. The bus company's insurance has to pay 12s. 6d. for each passenger. Neither the hospital nor the Health Service may retain these takings; they are returned to the Treasury. Just why these old charges were maintained when the "free" health service was created, I don't know. They may now have some tendency to discourage motorists from stopping after an accident and helping injured people.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Flashing her hazel eyes Lady Harding said: "It really is a pity you know, this trouble. Cyprus is a tourists' paradise. And the people are so healthy."—*Daily Express.* (B. M. Gibson.)

Our holiday at Blackpool last week was ruined by canoodling couples. . . . My husband and I were terribly embarrassed, because we had our two daughters, 14 and 16, with us. For our next holiday (in July) we are going to Bournemouth. You don't see this shameless behaviour in the South.—Letter in *Empire News.* (E. Watkins.)

"Regarding Commander Crabb, a recent convert, I would like to think he was chosen by Our Lady of Fatima, and that she has used him to widen the gap between Communism and the West. Whatever the outcome, the incident has tremendous value."—*Scottish Catholic Herald.* (G. K. B. Henderson.)

The Kariba Project

CONTROVERSIES about Kariba illustrate all the conflicts which make the Central African Federation the precarious alliance it is. First, the site itself: the Zambesi is being dammed 200 miles below the Victoria Falls; and work began last year before there was any guarantee that money would be forthcoming. The total cost will be £113 m.; and £88 m. has already been raised: £30 m. from the copper belt companies, £35 m. from the World Bank, the rest from Federal Funds, the British South Africa Company, and Barclay's Bank. Lord Malvern, whose baby Kariba is, claims these investments are proof of the soundness of Federation itself. His critics say it is too ambitious for 7 million people. Kafue, a much less expensive scheme, would have been more suitable; and to pay for Kariba other development must mark time. Also Lord Malvern has broken his word: he signed an agreement with the North that Kafue would be the site. But on the frequent occasions when this elder statesman is accused of forswearing himself, he replies impatiently that it is only fools who never change their minds. The whites of Northern Rhodesia are angry: it is the Copper Belt, they say, which is financing Federation. Nice for Southern Rhodesia, which was bankrupt until Federation made Copper Belt money available for paying its debts; and nice for Nyasaland, whose social services for Africans are being brought up to the level of those in the two Rhodesias out of Federal, i.e. Copper Belt, money. It was the whites in Southern Rhodesia who voted Federation into existence; Europeans in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland were not asked what they thought. At least, that is what they say now the bills are coming in. In short, it is not only the Africans of the three territories who resent Federation. Sections of white opinion are hostile, others uneasy—"If there is no slump, no fall in the price of copper, no trouble with the natives, perhaps we can get away with it."

Meanwhile, work on Kariba roars ahead. By 1960 the first power (very cheap by world standards) will be feeding the Copper Belt and industries in Southern Rhodesia. To visit the site is like becoming part of a gold rush film: the magnificent hills around the gorge are covered with tents, temporary houses, jeeps, bulldozers; technicians from everywhere, South Africans, Greeks, Italians, Americans; swarms of African workmen from Nyasaland, the Rhodesias, the Portuguese territories. Permanent housing for 600 white people and 8,000 Africans will soon be completed on the hills out of reach of tsetse fly and mosquitos and the rising water. One stands on a hill above the gorge and looks over hundreds of miles of country which will soon be under water, the biggest man-made lake in the world. The scheme will take ten years to complete. European salaries are high, averaging £100 a month. Africans will be paid about £3 a month with food and housing worth about £3 a month.

Kariba is possible because of cheap African labour. Government maintains that this, like other projects, is protected labour, and regulations for Kariba make an impressive document; but laws take the shape of the people who administer them. For instance, tuberculosis is raging among both urban and rural Africans. The regulations say: "No Native labourer known to be suffering from any form of tuberculosis shall be employed in any capacity." When I asked the officials at Kariba if Africans were to be examined for T.B. they exchanged resigned glances which I was easily able, from long practice, to interpret as "Another of those visiting sentimentalists!" Africans, they said, were inoculated against smallpox and given anti-malarial drugs. African parliamentary representatives have been protesting against the working conditions of Kariba; they seem to me neither better nor worse than working conditions anywhere in the Federation: it is an industrial revolution, and industrial revolutions are impossible without sweated labour.

The real emotional issue is the moving of the Africans from the bed of the new lake. To get facts is very difficult. Government says: "A total of 40,000 will be moved, 10,000 from Southern Rhodesia, the rest from Northern Rhodesia. The Southern Rhodesians, properly handled, are going quietly; but there is trouble in the North because of Congress. A sum of £2.5 m. will be spent on resettlement. They will be moved from bad, tsetse-fly infested soil to good, healthy areas."

But African bitterness is rooted deeper than the Kariba issue. In Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland they say: "We were free men, we made voluntary treaties with your government. You sold us out over Federation. We shall not co-operate with the Federal Government." When I asked Lord Malvern if the bitterness aroused over Federation would not outweigh its advantages, he said it was the work of a handful of agitators. This is not true. All the Africans I spoke to, North or South, Congress men or not, were suspicious and angry.

When I saw Mr. Nkumbula, President of the Northern Rhodesia Congress, it was eight in the morning and he had just returned from the point which is the nearest he is allowed to go to Kariba. Congress leaders are forbidden within 200 miles of the area. He has made four trips recently. When they know he is coming, parties of people from the valley try to make their way to see him. They are threatened by the police. In February, of 300 people trying to see him, 70 got through, the rest ran away, frightened. "The government," he said, "will say that what I am telling you is lies, and that I haven't been to the area. But all the people who see me can't be telling lies. Ten, perhaps, but not hundreds and all saying the same thing. A chief sympathetic to Congress is deposed, Congress men beaten up and tortured. And the land where the people will be moved is tsetse-fly ridden, poor soil, and not nearly enough to go round. The government says 30,000 Africans are affected; it isn't true. They must be counting the heads of families. It is five or six times that figure. District Commissioners try to round up the young men to go ahead and build the villages for the people who are coming. The young men are running away to the mountains; they don't like being forced. The people are sad and anxious. They don't know what will happen to them. Of course we know the scheme will go through. How can we prevent it? We ask how they will spend the £2.5 m., but they won't tell us. They order us around, they don't explain and help the people."

I said: "The argument against you goes like this: Kariba will develop the country and the Africans will benefit from it too. When dams are built anywhere in the world, people have to be moved." He replied: "Our experience is that it is the white people who benefit from development, never the Africans." I said: "Another argument is that when you regain control of your own country, Kariba will be yours." He said: "The whites in South Africa have kept the Africans under their thumbs for 300 years. It can happen here too. If we were given the common voters' roll and real democracy we would support Federation."

The Congress leaders and the trade union men work under threats, misrepresentation, every sort of restriction. Nkumbula and the Secretary of Congress, Mr. Kaundu, have just spent two months in prison for being in possession of seditious literature. Mr. Konkola, President of the railway workers, is not allowed into Southern Rhodesia although his union covers that territory. Nkumbula and Kaundu are prohibited immigrants in the South. These are brave men: intelligent, well-informed and liberal. They are also very sad and angry men. The gulf between them and even liberal white opinion is wide.

The main reason why the whites of the three territories support Federation is because it gives them a chance of having a uniform native policy over the three territories; they all hate the Colonial Office and want to get rid of its influence, because the Colonial Office is the only part of government where any sort of democratic parliamentary pressure can be brought to bear.

Mr. Nkumbula told me: "When the Colonial Office sold us out over Federation it was a terrible thing they did. Our people were like children suddenly pushed into a dark night where a hungry lion is. The lion is Southern Rhodesia native policy. But we must still trust that the Colonial Office will stand by us because there is nothing else we can trust."

DORIS LESSING

Fleet Street Notebook

I HAVE on several occasions in this column referred to the frozen structure of the newspaper industry and the extent to which it has now become the captive of conditions that virtually rule out the possibility of any new newspaper development. The case of the *Sunday Star* provides the newest and most startling evidence of this. It raises, indeed, issues of such public importance that I hope it will become the subject of the closest possible inquiry by parliament.

Let me describe the various stages of this strange and, in its implications sinister, affair. In January of this year Hulton Press, publishers of *Picture Post*, announced their intention of entering the newspaper field for the first time. They planned to launch this summer a Sunday newspaper which for the first time in this country, and, I think, in the world, would make large-scale use of colour printing for news pictures. It was to sell at 4d and advertisers were guaranteed a net sale of 1,000,000. The announcement aroused a notable lack of enthusiasm on the part of most of the established newspaper proprietors, who displayed little pleasure in the prospect of a new, vigorous and technically advanced competitor at a time when popular Sunday papers faced a contracting market. Now, within a matter of only three weeks or so of the proposed publication date of the new paper, Hulton's have been forced to announce its indefinite postponement. The considerable editorial, news and picture staff which had been working on the project for some months has been given notice.

Why? The answer throws a sharp light on the extent to which the business of publishing and distributing newspapers has now become a tight ring from which newcomers are barred. There are two conditions of existence for any national newspaper. One is that it shall be accepted as a member by the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. Without membership it cannot use the special newspaper trains and the other distribution facilities controlled by the N.P.A., and so national coverage within the time available to a newspaper is impossible. The other condition is that the National Federation of Retail Newsagents shall be willing for its members to handle it.

The *Sunday Star* met with considerable resistance from the first. When Hulton's applied for N.P.A. membership they received the answer that it could only be given if the *Sunday Star* was handled by newsagents on terms laid down in the N.P.A.—Newsagents' Federation Agreement. This is understandable enough. The N.P.A. is a trade association—and a remarkably tight one—for safeguarding and advancing the interests of its members. It will not give facilities to a newspaper seeking to gain circulation by offering advantageous terms to newsagents. Hulton's thereupon approached the Newsagents' Federation and offered the same discount terms—25 per cent.—on the *Sunday Star* as those ruling under the N.P.A. agreement for all other popular Sundays newspapers. The first response of the Newsagents' Federation was to refuse to accept the *Sunday Star* as a newspaper. It insisted, as it had earlier successfully done with the *Woman's Sunday Mirror*, that it must be regarded as a periodical subject to a larger discount.

Hulton's met this case by producing evidence that although like all other popular Sunday newspapers the *Sunday Star* would carry a considerable number of features it would deal with general news received and printed on the Saturday. It was planned as a tabloid-size newspaper carrying a somewhat larger ratio of news to features than the *Sunday Graphic* and about the same as the *Sunday Pictorial*, and appealing to approximately the same sort of reading public as the *Sunday Express*. The fact that colour printing on the front and back pages and on the two centre pages meant that these pages would have to go to press early did not, it was argued, invalidate the claim to be a newspaper any more than the fact that the *News of the World* has to begin printing before the end of the week, because of its large circulation, invalidates its claim to be one.

The Newsagents' Federation then altered its ground. It stated that it was in any event dissatisfied with the existing terms for handling Sunday papers and would not handle any new Sunday newspaper on the same basis. It demanded a discount of 33⅓ per cent. instead of the normal 25 per cent. The *Sunday Star* thus found itself placed in a wholly impossible position. Unless it agreed to give the newsagents better terms than those received from all other Sunday newspapers they would not handle it. If it did, then the N.P.A. would refuse to allow it the use of newspaper trains. It is in such circumstances that the project has been indefinitely postponed.

I hold no brief for the *Sunday Star*. Its Editor, Mr. Marcus Morris, clergyman turned journalist, creator of *Eagle*, *Girl* and other Hulton children's periodicals, tells me that its editorial policy was to be based on a minimum—but not a complete absence—of sex and sensation and a generally optimistic belief in the goodness of human nature and the happiness of being alive today. This formula may or may not have made a good newspaper. What is wrong is that we are not to be allowed to find out. I am quite prepared to believe that the newsagents have a case for better terms. If so they should negotiate a new agreement and having negotiated it apply it equally to all papers, new or old. Nor can the N.P.A. disclaim responsibility. A principle of the highest importance to the freedom and future of the press is at issue and one incidentally that closely touches the whole question of monopolies now before parliament. Neither newsagents nor press peers can be allowed to shrug it off as a private matter.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

NEW STATESMANSHIP

A survey of the readership of this journal, based on last year's questionnaire to readers.

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The Cow and the Calf

THE cow had calved early in the day, a big whitish bull calf. In other years she had calved out in the field, with no trouble, but it was a cold, nasty day, and we thought she would do better in her stall until she had cleaned. So far she had very little milk. But now it was time for the afternoon milking; she had cleaned all right and her udder looked full. The veins were swelling. But she had hunched herself up right against the head of the stall, which was the end one of my little byre. When a cow gets to her feet she pitches forward slightly and this she could not do; her neck was twisted half round already.

We talked to her encouragingly: "Come on, Vicky," we said, "Come on—hup, girl!" But Vicky shivered and rolled her eyes and bellowed a little and lay with her back firmly against the concrete partition of the stall. Vicky is a cow of character, as befits a V-day calf with a nice V sign on her brown and white Ayrshire face. At last Lachlan said: "I'll need to get a rope on her." He went off while I tried again to persuade Vicky to make an effort and listened to the pitiful bleating of the calf from the calf-pen next door.

He and Eddie came back with a rope, and a sack which they put over the middle to soften it. Then they got it round her chest. Immediately she got one leg over it and it had to be hauled out from under and the thing started again. I suppose a large Ayrshire cow weighs half a ton; we heaved and panted and things remained as they were; her hay bed was full of dung and blood and she went on trembling. I tried to get one of her hind legs back so that she could get a better grip on the floor; her udder was hot and hard to touch.

Lachlan moved the rope to a better position; we hauled again. Suddenly she seemed to realise what it was all about, let her hind legs slide back, and stood up mountainously, still very agitated. We tried to get her to take a drink, but no. I began to hand-milk her, while Lachlan brought in the other two cows. They stood in the doorway tossing their horns, worried by the mess in the grip and the smell of blood. However, they quieted down to the familiar hum of the milking machine, while I went on milking Vicky, trying not to get my head right into her flanks, which were plastered with dung. She was as quiet as a rocking horse, and when I had got half a pail of the thick yellow milk full of colostrum for the calf, I put on the milking machine. I wanted to get the rest of the milk for the house, to make into what we call "beestie cheese".

The calf was very wild and strong for its age and with little idea of drinking. I got it into a corner and started it sucking at my fingers, then gradually got in a little milk. When it was really drinking its tail started wagging. A calf always has to be taught to drink from a

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pail. I was feeding it all that week-end and by Sunday evening it had the idea and would get its muzzle down into the pail and suck, though sometimes one would have to give it a finger to encourage it. I held the pail between my knees, and it butted into me, feeding, with its round muzzle and little blunt head.

The evening wasn't too cold, so we let Vicky out with the rest of the cows. She had stopped trembling and only gave an occasional bellow. Lachlan cleaned out the byre. Now that summer is coming and the cows are out at night we shall tidy it up and give it a new coat of Snowcem inside. And the little bull calf? Well, in the ordinary way we send them off in a sack in the back of the bus to Campbeltown, where they are slaughtered. But I decided to feed this one to six or eight weeks and then have it slaughtered for veal for ourselves. I shall be doing the same for one of the pigs; we shall get nice young pork and ham. They can all go in along with a yeld cow which I am now fattening a bit, so that she will grade better. A nasty business: yes. And nasty, essentially, in our own minds.

Lachlan had been killing a sheep. We have a humane killer. "But a sheep's not just the same," he said, making sure that I would be sending the calf in to the slaughter house and not expecting him to kill it. I said that maybe the calf would like to have the extra six weeks of life. The nasty bit was in our own minds, feeding the young beast and then betraying it to death. I feel rather the same about the pigs, which are attractive creatures enough. I don't like to be about when the pig is loaded up for Campbeltown. But Lachlan has to be. And anyway, with a calf, there is the curious bond of hand feeding. Yet, if the bull calves were not slaughtered there would not be the milk which even our vegetarians drink. Nor is it much better to kill them as steers, even if it wrings the heart less.

I don't know what the answer is. Our whole attitude towards animals is unethical. Yet the alternative, Indian, one does allow cattle to be half-starved—though perhaps they are no worse off at that than their masters—and to die lingeringly of disease and broken bones. And everything is made to depend on our own attitude. We are brutal enough with rats, fish and hens, which do not appeal to the human heart; and I have yet to hear of the R.S.P.C.A. interfering with an angler dragging a salmon around by a hook in its throat, though there would be a fuss if it was done in a laboratory. But we worry about animals which appeal to the child in us. You will notice that, in a Disney nature film, small, furry animals always escape.

Meanwhile, the calf has stopped bleating, though it is impatient enough for its dinner. The Easter calf, a pretty little quey, is out in the field with the cows, bouncing around, standing on its head with pleasure. Its mother occasionally smells at it but does not recognise it. And Vicky is milking well and looking in the best of health; she barely turns her head at the calf's bleating. I made my beestie cheese; one flavours it with salt or sugar and leaves it in a slow oven to bake. It comes out as a stiff custard, and those who like it at all are apt to like it very much. But hardly anyone from a town has ever tasted it. When they are told what it is made of, they may even find the idea rather revolting. When it comes to anything to do with animals we all behave rather irrationally because we are all rather guilty.

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The Arts and Entertainment

Prague Spring—I

EVER since the time of Dr. Burney, the Czechs have been famous for their music; and one of the first acts of the liberated nation, in 1946, was to institute the "Prague Spring." For three weeks the lovely old city, garlanded just now with the most copious lilac and chestnut blossom I have ever seen anywhere, presents to its visitors a programme rightly called "international," with first-rate artists drawn from both sides of the increasingly rusty Iron Curtain, and with only the appropriate emphasis on what is exclusively Czech.

This year it was inevitable that Mozart should be honoured, and indeed no city has a better right to celebrate his fame. Here he was happy, loved, understood and publicly admired during a life that knew too little of such pleasures; here still stands the theatre where *Don Giovanni* was first heard—and will be heard again this evening; here, too, is the charming Bertramka, where he stayed with his friends, the Dusseks, while completing his opera. Bertramka, originally a farm with vineyards attached, is as delightful a house as one could wish: it stands high outside the town, with long colonnades and a music room which would be the envy of any hostess. The day after I arrived, Bertramka was ceremonially re-opened, with a little *al fresco* concert, as a Mozart and Dussek museum—but the word is altogether too sombre for this airy, pink-washed villino.

Much as I love Mozart, I should hardly have crossed Europe to hear *Don Giovanni* and the Prague Symphony, or to attend the sessions of the Mozart Conference where, day after hot day, learned papers are read to drowsy delegates in languages which many of them cannot understand. What drew me to Prague was mainly the chance of hearing so much of the Czech classic repertory that remains inaccessible in England, especially the standard operas of Smetana, Dvorak and Janacek of which we know so little.

Considering that the programmes were not built round these composers, my bag has been lucky. Before the end of the Festival, I hope to have heard no fewer than two Dvorak operas and four each by Smetana and Janacek. Readers of this column, ruefully aware that they have a Janacek enthusiast on their hearthrug, can imagine my delight at hearing, on three successive evenings, three of his rarest operas: *The Excursions of Mr. Broucek*, *The Macropulos Affair* and *The Cunning Little Vixen*. It is amazing to reflect that the composer of these works was only thirteen years younger than Dvorak. After *Jenufa* (to be performed here later this week, and at Covent Garden in the autumn), Janacek's style becomes ever more elliptical, original and abrupt. In his later music he works mainly with very short motives, sometimes only one or two bars long; but these motives have real melodic character and follow only in rough outline—not slavishly, as is often said—the contours of speech. In treating this material he shows a preference for chords out of root position, for unresolved but usually unchromatic discords, for wide gaps between treble and bass, and for obsessional ostinatos. He seldom modulates, but suddenly sinks into the enfolding peace of some deep flat key, most commonly D flat, to express a scene or even a passing moment of lyrical or tender feeling. His orchestration is as individual as his style of composition: at times deliberately harsh and raw, then suddenly filled with delicate rustlings and whisperings, or brilliant with bright gleams of primary colour.

All these operas show Janacek's increasing preoccupation with the fantastic. *Mr. Broucek* is a popular Czech satire of the late nineteenth century: an uncomplimentary portrait of a sausage-guzzling Prague citizen, philistine, boastful and cowardly, who (like Alice) has two successive dream-journeys: first to the moon, then to the fifteenth century. The opening scene in the inn courtyard, with a pair of lovers, snatches of song floating out from the inn, and the huge moon gazing down on the tipsy garrulity of Mr. Broucek, is one of Janacek's most characteristically poetic creations; the moon-trip itself, cluttered up with dated literary satire, contains some pleasant, but not particularly interesting, waltz tunes. Altogether different is Part II. Here the martial preparations of the Hussites are earnestly and at moments thrillingly presented, with big choralelike outbursts for male chorus, while in the foreground the grumbling and incongruous Mr. Broucek is made to put on parti-coloured medieval tights and conscripted—a very Bad Soldier Schweik—into a war about which he knows and cares nothing. To the mere Englishman he is bound to seem on the whole rather a comic than an odious personage, something of a Yankee at the Court of King Arthur; and the theatre indeed echoed with jolly Czech guffaws at his ludicrous predicaments. But when I remarked to my hosts that Part II was "funnier" than Part I, they were shocked. "Funny!" they exclaimed; "it is *tragic!*" The truth is that the Hussite struggles still mean more to a Czech than any event in English history before 1940 means to us; they can feel quite indignant with poor paunchy Mr. Broucek struggling back into his respectable trousers, whereas to us he seems a kind of operatic Robertson Hare. Besides, he makes a useful anti-bourgeois Aunt Sally: the man who cannot adapt himself to a changing world, "just as today there are many who cannot adapt themselves to Socialism." Useless to point out that we rather like people who are not too adaptable! Musically, the transitions between dream-world and reality are handled in both parts with fascinating skill.

The Macropulos Affair is a close setting of Karel Capek's play about a woman whose life has been artificially prolonged to more than 300 years. During that time she has escaped detection by reappearing in various countries under various names; now she is a great opera singer, Emilia Marty. Janacek's score, not very successful perhaps with the minor characters, effectively underlines the tense drama of the text, and depicts with uncanny power the central figure, beautiful and bottomlessly cynical, who no longer cares for anything—until the healing approach of death restores to her a distorted semblance of humanity. It is a tremendous part, a sort of modern-dress Turandot, culminating in a prolonged and extraordinary death scene; it calls for a singer-actress of Ljuba Welitsch calibre. Marie Podvalova interpreted the role with immense fire and temperament, but her big, strident, unsteady tone tended to exaggerate the harshness of a score which is, in any case, among the most unconventional of all Janacek's later music. But such is its dramatic power that *Macropulos*, in its brilliant new Prague production, has become a popular success.

The Cunning Little Vixen, the shortest, most lyrical and most endearing of these three operas, boldly places human beings and animals side by side on the stage. Here Janacek reveals an intense, almost pantheistic feeling for nature. What he has done with this theme makes us wish that Benjamin Britten had been able to carry out his desire to make an opera out of Beatrix Potter's *Tommy Brock and Mr. Todd*. In the last act the music is flooded with warm poetry, first in a scene in the garden of a rustic inn, and finally in the murmuring forest depths (very un-Wagnerian, however) where man and beast take their ease in the heat of a summer afternoon. The difficulties of staging such a work without falling into arch Disney-like vulgarity are only too evident; at Prague they were not wholly surmounted.

To see *The Excursions of Mr. Broucek* I myself made an excursion—to Brno, the Moravian capital, where Janacek passed most of his working life. Here I saw, in the museum, the well-kept Janacek manuscripts (quite as strange as one would expect), and had the unexpected joy of hearing his friend and best-known interpreter, Bretislav Bakala, rehearse the Moravian Teachers' Female Choir. This proved a memorable experience. The singers, with their dark strong Slavonic timbre, their pure intonation, their keen rhythmic sense and most of all the full-throated and wholehearted enthusiasm they brought to their task, delighted my ears and stirred my heart. They are worthy of a place in the programme of any Festival in the world.

(To be concluded)

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Recognisable Styles

MR. Sam Wanamaker has developed a recognisably idiosyncratic style of acting—a sort of poetic realism—which he not only practises himself, but somehow is able, too, to impose on his company. It may sound absurd, but it is most unusual in the London commercial theatre to see a company all acting in one style. The conditions there make it virtually impossible; for, with the exception of the seasons put on by people like Tennent Productions when a cast stay together under one producer for several plays, each play is an *ad hoc* venture, and each cast a scratch team of assorted talents, and since there is no longer a national tradition under which actors have been brought up, this will mean as many different approaches as there are actors. It is not surprising then that so many plays are stylistically a mess: what is surprising is that the general standard of production is as high as it is.

It is a great pleasure, though, when one comes across the opposite of this, as one may by going to the St. Martin's to see a new American play by N. Richard Nash, *The Rainmaker*. Here the acting and production are both first class and all of a piece. Unfortunately the play itself will appeal only to the very simple-hearted. It is suffused with that brand of kindly, easy sentiment once associated with poker-work hung in suburban lavatories. It tells how to a simple farming family in the West during a drought there comes one day a con man calling himself a rainmaker, and of how he works a different sort of confidence trick on the plain angular daughter of the house so that she learns to accept herself and marry the under-sheriff. In any other hands but these it would be unendurable whimsy. But the cast gives it a style which almost rescues it. Miss Geraldine Page—here for the first time from America—is a wholly delightful comedienne with a remarkable variety of intonation and gesture which enables her to catch shades and nuances of feeling beyond the usual. Mr. Wanamaker has a simpler character to play, but he uses all of himself to create the necessary panache (only I hope he will not let that upper nasal drawl become a habit to spoil his acting); and in smaller parts Mr. Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Neil McCallum are excellent. If you can take hill-billy whimsy at all, you will enjoy it.

Mr. Glen Byam Shaw is another producer who is developing a recognisably personal style, and it is one of the most satisfying Shakespearean styles on view at the moment. The essence of it is finally to leave the stage bare for the main actors to act out their big scenes. But this simplicity is contrived with elaborate care and the frame which will set off these moments to the best advantage is exactly and beautifully shaped. The *Othello* which has now joined the Stratford repertory is a lovely example of his work at its best. The simplest means evoke a vivid and rich background of Venice and Cyprus and a series of charming incidental pictures and scenes (*e.g.*, the delightful drinking scene and the arrival of Othello on the island) lead us rapidly to the heart of the action. When it comes to that, it is up to the actors themselves. Mr. Emlyn Williams is perfectly equal to holding the stage for any length of time, and Iago is a part that his temperament has always understood, as we know from his own plays. Mr. Williams relishes the villainy with a perfect assurance. Mr. Harry Andrews, the Othello, has come to rely too much on nobility of voice and bearing. Admirably as these serve in some parts, Othello needs something more. No doubt Mr. Andrews will settle more securely into the part as the run lengthens; but I doubt whether he will ever have that dazed bull element which Mr. Orson Welles taught us once and for all to be the central element in the portrayal. Once again Miss Margaret Johnson excelled. After all the empty and pretty chits who have made the part incredible, this mature and skilful actress wrung all hearts. Miss Johnson has for years been one of our several excellent and neglected actresses. Stratford is finding her her real place on the map.

The Arts might easily in the high flush of their present success have neglected one of their primary functions, that of giving new playwrights a chance to learn their craft by seeing their plays produced even when they are not entirely successful. It is good to see that they are not doing so. Their current production is a first play by a young actor, Mr. Robert Shaw, *Off the Mainland*. It is very much a young playwright's first play, over-intense, over-serious and overwritten. It is set in a prison island off an Iron Curtain country where the Colonel-in-charge (Ralph Michael) is going to pieces with drink and an anxiety neurosis. His much-loved younger brother (the author) comes to stay and is shocked by his elder brother's deterioration. An example of it presents itself at once. The mainland fishing fleet is driven by a high wind within the forbidden limits of the island and before they can tack away the Colonel picks off one fisher boy with a rifle. This fisher boy becomes somehow symbolic in the development of their relationships. The young brother seduces his elder brother's wife; the elder

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brother learns that he is incurably sterile; and when his wife becomes pregnant . . . the story is hardly fresh and ends in pistol shots all round. There are some strong scenes in the play and interesting action. But the location and the theme have too little connection. The conflicts are personal not ideological, and the persons are not quite interesting enough. Mr. Shaw will doubtless learn a great deal from seeing it produced.

T. C. WORSLEY

Zola With Modern Conveniences

THE Greek dramatists believed the old stories were best. So did Shakespeare, who only invented when he had to—which, luckily, was quite often. The first counted on a certain response of legend and belief; the second took things as they came. But neither situation quite fits the cinema adapter of old tales today. He can't rely on the single audience with a limited range of appraisal. Olivier or Orson Welles adapt Shakespeare, and must expect everything from informed criticism to popular recoil. In my opinion film-makers would do better to invent their own stories—for even the best-seller converted will find its informed viewers. But there it is. Almost anything in the way of a play, a novel, an autobiography, a travel that has caught on is seized by producers who feel that it is an advantage to start with something.

They then proceed either to mangle or water the original or try to pass it off under some nondescript title. *Thérèse Raquin* at the Paris-Pullman does the first, *Pacific Destiny* (would you suspect here that charming best-seller *A Pattern of Islands*?) the second. I've no objection to mangling in itself, if it comes off. Marcel Carné had two originals to fight shy of: Zola, and Jacques Feyder's silent version of Zola. Never did a novel brought to the screen more require silence. The characters are brutish, surroundings tell, action speaks for itself, and after the murder the frightful old mother lives on, incapable of speech and accomplishing her revenge by looks. Not, one would have thought, a case for new cinematic treatment. M. Carné thought otherwise. And the thoughts of the director of *Quai des Brumes, Le Jour se Lève* (lately happily revived) and *Les Enfants du Paradis* are not to be brushed aside. *Thérèse Raquin* starts damned well. The numb wife, the cosseted husband, the shrill, swathing mother, and the petit-bourgeois enclosure of the shop and the weekly social evening are superb. Carné has set the story in the present, in Lyons, which he photographs tenderly. The first shock—and it bursts on this quietude with a mechanical roar—is the appearance of the lover: a lorry-driver. Lorry-drivers in the current film mystique are what the gamekeeper was to D. H. Lawrence. In other words, the sudden sound-blast of this intruder's engine is at once followed by a too-cosy recognition of his romantic status. This is fault number one.

Fault number two is that, the tale being up to date, there seems no reason at all why the lovers shouldn't run away. Fault number three is that after the train "accident," which originated in boating, the terrific situation of the paralysed mother, watching the guilty pair and driving them silently to destruction, is let slip entirely. Yards more plot have to be added on: a blackmailing witness from the train, a whole series of accidents to bring the couple at last to justice. Thus, not only the concentration, but also the ingrowing inevitability, of the original is lost. And it doesn't seem to me that what Carné has lost on the swings he has made up on the roundabouts: his string of accidents, though cinematically effective, tail off rather than wind up. He has miscalculated.

But not bungled. Indeed, no film could have been—on its own ground—better cast, acted, set and kept in motion. I found it for the first half quite fascinating, and at least—with and after the murder—tense. Jacques Duby is the husband, Simone Signoret the wife, Sylvie the mother, Raf Vallone the lover, and the newly introduced character of blackmailer is adroitly played by Roland Lesaffre. It is a good thriller with the heart thrown out.

And so—as they say—to Samoa, and to early adventures in the Colonial service. The scene of *Pacific Destiny* (Marble Arch Odeon) is enchanting, and the strung-out incidents entertain. This is not a highly expert film, but I prefer it to many that have been. Walter Rilla has delighted in his location, and so do we: the palm-fringed beaches, the guitar-twanging, the ripple of solid flesh, the clouds of children and the irritability of Resident Commissioners will lazily delight everyone. The quick, vinegary tones of the children chanting "Rule Britannia" still ring in my ear, as though she ruled still.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TV: The First Decade

AN immense assortment of performers, many of whose names would not now be widely known if it had not been for television, helped the BBC this week to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the post-war revival of TV.

Have these first ten years been the worst? TV looms so large today that it is hard to recall what, if anything, we thought about it in 1946. The one safe generalisation is that it was widely underestimated. Few of us foresaw that, in so few years, its growth would be so gigantic that brewers would join with archbishops and theatrical managers in denouncing it, that statesmen would submit to weeks of grooming and rehearsal before a single TV appearance, that people hitherto unknown (Lady Boyle, Mr. Fry, the panellists and interviewers) would be instantly accepted as intimates in millions of homes.

In 1946 there were only 20,000 TV sets in Britain, all in the London area: in 1956 there are five million sets, distributed all over the country. Technique, moreover, has kept pace with organisation. In 1946 the BBC announced what then seemed a sensational development: "We can now cut from one camera to another." In 1956 TV has been almost everywhere—though not yet to Parliament or into a submerged submarine. This latter omission will be repaired on June 16, when a camera will go underwater in a submarine and send us pictures via a floating transmitter and a frigate. Mr. Dimbleby will be left on the frigate: it was thought that it would be rather too much to take him as well as the equipment down below.

Since prophecy was so defective ten years ago, it would be rash today to forecast the developments of the next decade. One obvious development—perhaps as pregnant with good or evil as the original invention itself—would be transatlantic TV. Development will clearly be limited both by what the Treasury thinks the nation can afford and by what individuals can and will spend on new kinds of sets: colour TV, for instance, is unlikely to be available to British viewers for some years to come. Nor are the big screens sometimes seen in hotel lounges and conference halls likely to become popular in the home—unless, indeed, the British family can be shifted from its traditional focus, the hearth, and central heating becomes as general in Britain as in America.

One invention of which news has lately come from America may be revolutionary. If it comes into use here, telerecording could be rapidly outmoded. It is simply a tape-recorder—apparently more or less like an ordinary tape-recorder—on which pictures as well as sound, including pictures in colour, can be recorded on a two-inch-wide tape and played back with remarkable fidelity. At present this machine costs $75,000. When it was demonstrated at a recent exhibition, orders worth five million dollars were booked.

In the face of such astonishingly rapid technical progress, and of the compulsive popularity of the medium, a merely negative attitude to television is impossible. It cannot be ignored or shrugged off as a vulgar or ephemeral craze. We need not anticipate such a horrific future as that threatened in one of Mr. Ray Bradbury's stories, in which three whole walls of every living-room are peopled by life-sized, three-dimensional TV aunts and uncles in natural colour, addressing the occupants of the room by name; and it is the ambition of every go-ahead young husband to save enough money to have the fourth wall done; and everyone spends every evening in this room, since it is illegal to walk abroad. But Parliament, the parties, the churches and the educational and social workers have not yet made any really serious study of the thing, and what, if anything more, is to be done about it.

* * *

There is a great epidemic of good-byes on our sets now, as the series fold up for the summer, or for ever. I could not imagine how all the loose ends of the multifarious domestic tangles of *Sixpenny Corner* could be tidied up in the closing instalments, and I am not sure that they all were; but Dr. Tim married his German girl, and the wedding was an excuse for a group photograph of the whole heterogeneous bunch, and Stan's lost dog, Susie, unfortunately turned up for the wedding, carrying, of course, a shoe. It is rather as though a peculiarly "unsatisfactory" and feckless family had moved out of the house next door: they were an unfailing topic for censorious gossip, and a prop to our self-esteem; but their departure is, on the whole, a relief.

* * *

The Third was at its most agreeably cosmopolitan last week-end, with Brecht's *Puntila*, Wil-

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liam Bardwell's cantata on Chinese poems (using such exquisite instruments as the Chinese drums, high, medium and low gongs, glockenspiel, whip and blocks), and passages from Hugh MacDiarmid's *In Memoriam James Joyce*.

As read by Ewan MacColl and James McKechnie, this came across with compelling numinousness but it ended, eighteen lines before its actual end, with "the word they have in Peru for *adios*. . . . Well, Chau for now"; and, because this was the end of the broadcast, it was delivered with the portentousness of Mr. Eliot's *Shantih*, whereas it should surely be light, almost cocky, a parody of "'bye for now." Since the Third often overruns, I don't see why we couldn't have had those eighteen lines (the last two of which, going even better than *The Waste Land*, are in Latin and Gurkhali).

TOM DRIBERG

"As You Like It," at the Open Air Theatre

A warm summer's evening lit with the golden gloss of the setting sun makes a handsome setting for *As You Like It*. Mr. Robert Atkins undoubtedly deserved his good fortune on the opening night of his new season in Regent's Park. His production is swift but straightforward, so that occasionally the bogs of tedium—ITA comic Touchstone—are not sped across but trailed damply through. Nevertheless, whipping the play along with the hecticness of midsummer revels has the additional advantage that the long scampers off-stage, necessitated by the greensward Palladium expanses and genuine centrally placed Palladium-mikes, are not unduly noticeable. Not that Miss Belinda Lee's Rosalind would flinch. A Fanny Blankers-Koen of the boards, she had the high-stepping grace of a principal boy. Her acting range is limited, her gestures inclined to the statuesque, but she speaks pleasingly, and is altogether fetching and enchanting. Indeed charm is the keynote of this production. Now gay, now quick, now tender, it disguises those abrupt uncarpentered joins that forever flaw the play's texture. Even the Jaques of Mr. Alan Judd has shed his melancholy, replacing it with a disquisitory air, and the Audrey of Miss Angela Crow is briefly charming and touching without being made overridiculous. The others of the cast, if they deserve no individual praise, warrant no disparagement either.

M. C.

Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, at Sadler's Wells

I am prejudiced against solemnly baring the Unconscious Mind in ballet: although at the age of about fourteen I saw Tilly Losch sweep the longest train ever trailed through mountains of billowing veils—which signified her psyche going through the mill—and was then deeply affected by the sinister and scrumptious qualities of the Unconscious. I am prejudiced against silhouette and shadow tricks in ballet: that moment when the black figure slowly raises its arms above its head is dismally inevitable. Kenneth Macmillan's *Somnambulism* contains such things, though expressed in a drier and more timid manner than in Miss Losch's exposition. He depicts dreams of Anxiety, Monotony and Premonition, in black tights with lighting effects. The whole idea is like a dispirited flashback to the early Thirties. But there are three cheering factors: the excellence of the dancing, the way in which the three dreamers scratch the backs of their knees with their heels when asleep, and Stan Kenton's music. The delicate wailings and interlaced rhythms of his score are too acute for this heavy lump of pseudo psychology. The new production of *Coppelia* has already been on tour. Here again the company dances with great proficiency and verve, although Anne Heaton is seriously miscast as Swanilda. She is not a natural comedian; she is essentially a serious character on the stage, so that the effort to appear gay drives her to facial distortions that look like an alarming caricature of the conventional soubrette style of acting. Donald Britton is a handsome Franz, but Miro Zolan lacks the manic determination that makes old Dr. Coppelius the pivot of the story. The new scenery by Robert Medley is strangely sad for so jolly a ballet.

A. F.

Correspondence

TAXING THE THEATRE

SIR,—Mr. Mallalieu's article has usefully brought into the open some important facts—and errors.

(1) The "non-profit" arrangements, as he has discovered, are a form of censorship, operated through punitive taxation. Mr. Benn Levy used to taunt me across the floor of the House of Commons: "If you don't like the tax why don't Cochran and you go 'non-profit'?" But this was, and is, nonsense. For one thing, justly or not, Sir Charles thought that the thing was a "racket" and would have nothing to do with it. More important, we should never have been admitted. The Customs and Excise Regulations say that a "partly educational" society may be allowed only "an occasional light work": and the Arts Council say: "Customs and Excise keep a watch on the non-profit-distributing companies to see that they do not go in for the more lucrative forms of light entertainment." So if a new D'Oyly Carte, Playfair, or Cochran arose today, with a new Gilbert and Sullivan in tow, and said "I am going to create a new series of British musical plays which will repel the Americans and recapture Drury Lane" he could never do it under the "non-profit" banner. Mr. Mallalieu's remedy is to remove the censorship and insist only upon the non-distribution of profits. But today it may cost £25,000 to "get the curtain up." Who is going to risk so much capital when, in so speculative an affair, he may easily lose it all, and if a profit is made he can take none of it?

(2) It is not surprising in this complicated business, but Mr. Mallalieu, in his illustration, has not got his facts and figures right. This is the true picture, I believe (though I am capable of error, too). Say the weekly takings are £1,000. No tax is paid by anyone, as it is a "non-profit" company: if it were, it would be about 15 per cent, not "one-third." The author's royalty is 10 per cent, a high but convenient figure. In what is called the "commercial" theatre (I never know why) the author's royalty, by custom and contract, is calculated on the gross takings *less* Entertainments Tax, that is on £1,000 less, say, £150, so that he gets £85. Here, where there is no tax, he is entitled to draw it on the gross takings, that is, £100. But in 1947 the League of Dramatists, at the request of the Council of Repertory Theatres, generously "approved" an artificial arrangement by which any author who was willing would consent to the deduction of "tax-equivalent" from the gross, though no tax had been paid—that is, to take £85 instead of £100. But it was made very clear that this was to be regarded as an "act of grace," and was subject to the consent of the author in every case. In some cases (a minority, I believe) where the "non-profit" company and the local manager share the takings—at, say, 55/45—a similar concession is made by the managers, so that £150 ("tax-equivalent") is deducted from the gross before the sharing is done. But these deductions are not, as some seem to think, automatic: they do not rest on statute or on Customs regulations, but on the goodwill of dramatists and managers. They are now being used, in some very surprising quarters, as an argument for the continuance of the entertainments tax on the main body of the theatre, which must be a classic example of ingratitude and impudence. Since their "acts of grace" have been so abused I hope, and expect, that both dramatists and managers will withdraw them and get the infamous argument out of the way. There are other, more straightforward, means by which in proper cases the wind can be tempered to the shorn lamb, etc. The author, in the example above, might take a lower royalty, say 8½ per cent, on the gross takings. The kind manager might agree to share at 40/60. All would then be roughly in the same position, but without the present hanky-panky. They should have no more to do with this fictional "tax-equivalent," which was always an unpleasant piece of nonsense, has been much abused, and is now being employed by some of the beneficiaries to the injury of the benefactors. Apart from these details, it is surely a vicious principle to maintain a tax upon the many in order to exempt the few.

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(3) I am all for the little theatres being kept alive in every corner of the kingdom. But there are "good," deserving and struggling efforts in the big theatres of London and other cities, too. In our anxiety to assist the weaklings let us not forget the main fighting forces. I wrote 14 or 15 pieces for those "commercial" fellows Sir Nigel Playfair and Sir Charles Cochran. All, I think, were as "artistic" as anything the Arts Council has given us. All were damaged by the tax, and some destroyed. Few, because of the tax, showed a profit. The present generation of managers is not highly thought of in some quarters. Perhaps, if they were relieved of this burden and allowed a fairer fight, new Playfairs and Cochrans would appear among them. But not one of the Arts Council's "serious" little companies is likely to recapture Drury Lane.

(4) I hope, therefore, that no member of the Labour Party will allow himself to be diverted from the policy proclaimed at the General Election, the abolition of the tax on the living theatre. This is the desire not only of those horrid managers but of authors, actors, musicians, and stage-staffs—also, by the way, the Council of Repertory Theatres.

A. P. HERBERT

12 Hammersmith Terrace, W.6.

PEACE PLAN FOR CYPRUS

SIR,—Is it not time for a completely new approach to the Cyprus problem? I believe this is necessary as the old genuine bonds of friendship between Greece and Great Britain have been utterly severed by the folly of Tory colonial rule.

We are committed to a policy of violence. As Mr. Lennox-Boyd said in the Commons recently: "We can do nothing until law and order have been restored." Thus the bloody nightmare of bomb-throwing, shooting, hanging, collective fines amounting to thousands of pounds, and the treatment of every inhabitant from the age of 12 upwards as criminals by photographing and thumbprinting them will continue. This is all the more certain now that the military-minded in Cyprus have managed to create a *real* Cyprus problem by igniting the hatred between Turk and Greek which has always smouldered just beneath the surface.

Our treatment in this "bastion of the free world" disgraces any so-called civilised country and must cease. Even the Tories must realise that our conduct has paralysed the Mediterranean arm of Nato.

I humbly suggest that we quit Cyprus. Even Mr. Bevan doubts this logic but I say: Hand over the problem to the United Nations. For once let us lead the world and say: "We put our faith in this international body as we know that unless it is given the opportunity to mediate in problems affecting world peace and will be—we hope—supported by nations, it will suffer a fate similar to its predecessor, the League of Nations."

An International Commission, supported by an all-nation security force, could fix a definite date for self-determination and the subsequent decision of the Cypriots could be endorsed by the United Nations.

24 Endymion Road, TOM BODLEY
Hornsey, N.4.

A SLIGHT CASE OF APARTHEID

SIR,—I know nothing at first-hand about Rhodesia and Nyasaland, but I do know Walter Adams, and I have had experience of at least some of the difficulties which confront him as head of a new university institution in Africa.

It is only fair to recognise, first of all, that in his reference to the differences in outlook and habit likely to exist between his European and African students, Dr. Adams was primarily concerned to suggest that in the event the Africans might well be happier in hostels of their own. In so far as this was his point, moreover, it was clearly subsidiary to the basic reason for the decision he was defending—i.e., the belief that refusal to admit "segregation" for living purposes could easily wreck the whole enterprise.

Is this belief valid? I can only guess, but my guess is that if the new College compels its students to live together on a multi-racial basis the white community will in fact boycott it. It may be better in the long run, you say, to face this risk than surrender to settler blackmail, but if I may again hazard a guess I would say that here the probabilities are against you. Make the College an all-African institution and you will make it, I suggest, another Fort Hare—the object of bitter white hostility and a forcing-ground for African resentment. And what kind of contribution to African welfare, let alone to better race relations, will that be?

For better or worse the fact must be faced that if the College is to serve a useful purpose it must be multi-racial. Beginning from this thoroughly sound assumption, Dr. Adams and his colleagues have reached the conclusion that a "compromise on principles" is unavoidable. But they most clearly hope that by conceding segregation for residential purposes they will make it possible for African and European students to work and play together on equal terms and in conditions making for mutual understanding and respect. Here, it seems to me, is a "practical victory" well worth winning, and if it can be won the compromise on principles which you now deplore will have been more than justified.

Although the outcome must be regarded as doubtful one thing is certain: Dr. Adams is indeed a liberal and he is wholeheartedly determined to reach his not so very limited objective. Having made his reconnaissance on the ground he has decided that it can only be reached by Fabian tactics; and surely it is unnecessary to remind you, sir, that great victories have been won by reformers using just these tactics in the past.

L. C. WILCHER

Queen Elizabeth House
21 St. Giles, Oxford.

SIR,—Your admirable article expresses very clearly the grave misgivings which many people have about the wisdom of founding a multi-racial University on a basis of partial segregation.

Dr. Adams recently gave an interview to *The Times* correspondent, when he talked of the need for separate living and dining rooms because some Africans were polygamous and had different tastes in food from Europeans. One wonders if he experienced these dietary and other difficulties with Africans, and indeed Indians, at the London School of Economics. In spite of this strange line of argument, I believe that Dr. Adams and the University Council are as genuinely anxious as any of us to create a multi-racial university, and I have nothing but admiration for their courage in trying to create one.

I do most sincerely feel, however, that if they carry out the proposal for partial segregation, they will fail in their object. Can any structure last if it is built on wrong foundations? Mr. Hepburn talks of a time coming later "to impose the harder task of complete integration." I fear that if the University starts with segregation the pressure to "leave it as it is"—the immense weight of inertia—will prevent any change being made. I fear, too, as South African immigration into Rhodesia increases, so will toleration decrease. If this view is correct, then it will indeed be far harder to abolish segregation in the university in ten or twenty years' time than it would be to start off with a completely multi-racial university.

Those who support the present proposals to have limited segregation do so, it seems, mainly because they fear that if the university is completely multi-racial it will be boycotted by white students. But is it not possible that Africans, too, may be sensitive and may not want to go to a university where they are segregated? I hope sincerely that the University Council will reconsider the matter before it is too late.

JOHN DUGDALE

House of Commons.

FRENCH COLONIAL POLICY

SIR,—I was not a little astounded to read in the last issue of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that the exact figures as to the number of people massacred in North Africa and Madagascar during the last decade could give rise to such an indecent quibbling. Am I to understand that the moral problem posed by these revolting killings hinges on the actual number of victims? Does the distinguished Press Attaché of the French Embassy mean to imply that he is a strong believer in the Marxist axiom which holds that a change in quantity brings about a change in quality? Indeed, it is far too easy to dismiss the charges by casually tossing about some figures which do not reflect too badly on us. There are still in France some Christians who feel the shame of these criminal follies which explain, if not justify, those now committed by the North Africans. We realise full well that the role of a member of "La Carrière" is to build up for foreigners the pleasant concept of France as a genial, brilliant, refined and intelligent country, the symbol of all virtues and qualities. But, pray, M. Bertrand de la Salle, do not confuse public relations with good conscience.

8 rue de la Poterie, PIERRE TRANIER
Chatelaillon, France.

SIR,—I hope that British Socialists are doing everything they can to persuade M. Mollet and his colleagues to abandon the absurd prosecution of Mlle Claude Gérard.

Claude Gérard was the last person I saw before leaving Paris, and she told me something of her experiences with the Algerian Army of Liberation. If anyone is entirely patriotic and disinterested, it is she. Her only object in making this quite dangerous journey was to discover, and make known, the facts of the Algerian situation, obscured behind a miasma of official propaganda. Whether she succeeded in her attempt, I don't know. I personally found her assessment, published in the French Socialist weekly, *Demain*, in some ways unconvincing. But that is beside the point. About her sincerity of purpose, and her courage, I have no doubts whatever. Claude Gérard's sole interest is to prevent French democracy from destroying itself in a useless effort to destroy the popular movements which have emerged—largely under the influence of French ideas—in North, West and Equatorial Africa. It is due to the work of people like Claude Gérard that African patriots have not yet despaired of the possibility of co-operation with France, or with Europe. Here in Morocco one finds others like her—but not so many that the imprisonment of one can be treated lightly.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Casablanca,
Morocco.

CLIVEDEN AND GERMANY

SIR,—Mr. Francis Williams, writing on the latest volume of *Documents on German Foreign Policy*, in your issue of June 2, censures *The Times* for "an interesting omission" in its account of the same volume. Why, he asks, did *The Times* omit to mention that Adam von Trott, in his report of June 8, 1939, describes the late Lord Astor as "markedly Germanophil"?

The insinuation is clear; but, since Mr. Williams goes out of his way to make it, I am surprised at his own "interesting omissions." Why, I ask, does he omit to mention that in the same volume, and at less than a month's distance, the German Ambassador is found puncturing in advance any such insinuation? On July 3, 1939, Dirksen reported to Ribbentrop that "the Churchill group," which was "thwarting any beginnings of a constructive policy towards Germany," was "further strengthened by the Cliveden set (Lord Astor)"; and he referred to "the demand voiced in various newspapers (e.g., *The Observer*) for Churchill to be brought into the Cabinet."

I know nothing about the late Lord Astor's politics. I merely think that if documents are going to be quoted, at the expense of the dead, they should be quoted fairly.

Incidentally, many persons may have seemed, without inconsistency, both pro-German to Trott and anti-German to Dirksen. Dirksen was a Nazi. Trott was executed as an anti-Nazi.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Christ Church, Oxford.

THE AGE OF CONSENT

SIR,—I concur with you, very emphatically, that the "age of consent" for homosexual behaviour should not be less than 21 (24 might be better, I think) *provided* that in such cases it would not be possible to prosecute two "minors" *of similar age*

for such an offence. This is most important. Homosexual feelings and behaviour are very general in adolescence and—as Kinsey has pointed out—the American and British policies of persecuting and ostracising those who are "found out" is far more likely to induce permanent homosexuality than to have a reverse effect.

It seems fairly certain that in most instances homosexuality is not genetically determined but is due to identification with the mother (or some mother-figure) and/or isolation from feminine company during childhood and early adolescence. Of course, the type of homosexual behaviour that is often shown by "normal" people when isolated from the opposite sex occurs among many (perhaps all) mammals, birds and fish and is only a problem in so far as the attitudes of others and the (possible) feelings of guilt or shame of those thus acting makes it one. It is deplorable that such knowledge as we have of the causes of inversion is repeatedly denied by the popular press and those responsible encouraged to lay the blame for their children's inversion on some invert.

Toft, Virginia Water. DEREK GOODWIN

MONKEYS FOR RESEARCH

SIR,—Your correspondents, who have an interest in the defence of vivisection, do not, for obvious reasons, state what happens to the thousands of monkeys between the time of their arrival in the laboratories of the manufacturers of the polio vaccine, and their slaughter. The truth has been kept from the public, and this suppression increases the fears of all decent people that the full facts are too horrible to be told.

The amount of taxpayers' money diverted from National Health funds to the two big manufacturers is, I am told, in the region of two to three million. Is this expense and cruelty worth while for a supposed protection for an unknown period (one year has been mentioned!) when the odds against any child getting polio are about 17,000 to 1?

27 Avenue Road, Falmouth R. L. EAGLE

THE IMPORTANCE OF G. E. MOORE

SIR,—In your issue of May 26 Mr. Rayner Heppenstall says: "When a philosopher has once been forgotten, he stays forgotten. Nobody will ever again read McTaggart or even Collingwood. If anybody now turns to G. E. Moore, it will be a literary historian on the Bloomsbury trail. . . ." I think Mr. Heppenstall is wrong both in what he says and in what he implies about McTaggart and even Collingwood; his statement about Moore, however, is so preposterous as hardly to need, or deserve, a correction. But as the majority of your readers are not likely to know much about contemporary philosophy and the unique position which Moore occupies in it, I think it may be worth stating that his writings are avidly read and constantly discussed by philosophers at the present time, and that a new article by Moore is considered by many to be of greater importance than one by any other living philosopher.

Cambridge. C. LEWY

DIVIDED IRELAND

SIR,—As President of the Irish Association for Cultural, Economic and Social Relations, may I draw your readers' attention to our Essay Competition?

The Association has decided to offer a prize of £100 for an essay of from 5,000-8,000 words. The rules may be obtained from me.

Subject: *Can a Divided Ireland Prosper and Play a Full Part in the Comity of Nations?*

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Professor C. F. Carter, M.A., Dean of the Faculty of Economics, The Queen's University of Belfast.
Professor T. W. Moody, M.A., Ph.D., F.T.C.D., Professor of Modern History, Trinity College, Dublin.

GRAHAM LARMOR

Ardnabannon, Annsborough, Co. Down.

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GOLLANCZ

The Dog Beneath the Gown

It has been said of W. H. Auden that he "represents our time." True, in some respects his work is a seismographic record zig-zagging in response to current history, ideas, and individual behaviours. Yet from the single line of Auden the reader does not extract that blood-drop of a contemporary person to be found in lines of other contemporary poets; whether in the deliberated, intellectual yet highly idiosyncratic complex crystals of Empson, or the *vox humana* confessional utterances of Spender or Day Lewis, or the elegant classical-minded positionings of MacNeice; or for that matter the self-regarding self-dramas which caused Yeats and Eliot to nominate themselves respectively "weather-worn Triton" and "aged eagle."

At the centre of so much that seems characteristically Auden-*ish*, the essential, personal self of Auden escapes us. The same ellipsis of personality which is mysterious in his poetry, attaches to his actions. The great question is, of course, why he did what was, after all, the most boldly representative thing of all—go to America in 1939? "*I* would not have done that," those he supposedly represents shout. Less obviously, one might put a question which seems to have implications the opposite to the first—why did he go as a stretcher-bearer to Spain in 1937? Then, of course, there follows—Why did he leave "this island where no one is well"—to become a High Anglican in New York? (But today he calls this island the Garden of Eden. So green, so gentle.) And, lastly, why does he return now to Oxford as Professor of Poetry?

The answers to some of these questions seem obvious, to others difficult, in much the same way as his poetry can be obscure. But there is one reason for both the obvious and the unobvious. It is that Auden is certainly different from most people, and perhaps still more different from most poets. He is different in several ways. The most obvious is that he has a decidedly willed, sometimes wilful, often arbitrary development. Everything he writes and does involves for him a lucidly conscious choice. Instead of becoming more rooted in society, he has, quite as a matter of principle, become more and more unrooted. He thinks, and is intelligent, and chooses—but as one who distrusts the intellect, and who has analysed the docile imbecilities of the intellectuals. To all this should be added quite strong doses of pleasure in shocking, of wild buffoonery, of affectionate good nature, of deliberated virtue; and a liking for mystification and elaboration, combined with a hatred for significances that don't, according to given rules, "work out."

Wystan Hugh Auden was born in 1907. His grandfathers, on both sides, were clergymen, his mother was Anglo-Catholic, his father, physician, psychologist and antiquarian. He was brought up in Birmingham, his earliest fantasies were of lead-mines, and until he was forty at least he adored Northern, detested Southern, climates and landscape. Today, when he spends each summer in Ischia, he does so regretting that the Scandinavian landscape is not Catholic, the Mediterranean Protestant.

His earliest memory at his preparatory school was of going into a classroom and seeing Christopher Isherwood—a small boy with enormous head and large eyes—carefully copying down the work of the boy at the desk next to his. At Gresham's School, Holt, he was of a generation which included Michael Spender, John Hayward and Donald Maclean. Benjamin Britten was his junior. His interests were then science and music; he started writing poetry at the age of sixteen, at the suggestion of a friend. At Christ Church, he was a somewhat solitudinous un-chic successor to the highly social poets who were the "aesthetes" of an immediately preceding generation—Harold Acton and Brian Howard. He met few people, often sported the oak of his rooms, preferred drawn blinds and closed shutters to daylight, called the gasworks the most beautiful view in Oxford, occasionally went for enormous tramps through the country, composed a Mozartian tune which his scout whistled on the stairs, for two consecutive years edited *Oxford Poetry*, already had divided modern poets into the sheep and the goats: the sheep were Wilfred Owen, Edward Thomas, Thomas Hardy, T. S. Eliot. He hated politics, had no religion, read Whitehead, psychoanalysed his contemporaries, and had already the strongest sense of attitudes and manner in writing which were correct, others which were "up the wrong pole."

Soon after Oxford, he "discovered" Germany for his generation, and, with it, the decline of the West which, in his detached, anti-opinionated, clinical poems of that time he viewed not as a tragedy but with a curious kind of *Schadenfreude*. He returned to England and for a few years supported himself by teaching at preparatory schools. Characteristically, he approved only of living on this "right little tight little island." Likewise, when he wrote his early, exuberant work, *The Orators*, he had decided that "the only thing to do was to be funny." This was the epoch of buffoonery, practical jokes and false beards.

Meanwhile Auden had associated with Spender, Day Lewis and MacNeice, but his development remained isolated. Coming to poetry late, by way of science, he envisaged it as synthesising symbolic language. He had never been soaked in Keats. He chose words and forms out of past literature as a chemist makes up a formula out of bottles, but his detachment, his feeling for objectivity and impersonality, were his sensibility, a new tone of voice. And he was also trying out in his word-patterns a unifying view of life, owing much to Freud, which related individual behaviour to a larger pattern. Systems that relate isolated examples to a unifying whole have always attracted him.

The search for the large and all-including pattern has been the main thing. Apart from this his allegiances arose, in the Thirties, from circumstances. He supported the left-wing politics of that decade because he thought they might stop war, and because his sympathies were involved with victims (*Refugee Blues* is still one of his most deeply moving poems). He went to Spain. He married Erica Mann (whom he first met at the railway station when she got out of the train for the wedding) to provide her with a British passport. After Freud, Marxism was only one of several systems that tempted him with the possibility of an all-including hypothesis. A poem like *Spain* explores the logic of Marxism which, for the poet, was refuted when the poem arrived at its conclusion—the acceptance of "the necessary murder." Only the crimes of Fascism disgusted him more than the howls with which the extreme Left pursued André Gide, when, after his visit to Russia, he published *Retour de l'URSS*.

The Munich agreement had the effect of persuading him that poets and intellectuals could no longer "do something" to save the world from war. The intensity with which he repudiated the idea that there is, on any level, a public programme the poet can support, is perhaps illustrated by the fact (unnoticed by many readers) that in the *Collected Poems* he suppressed his most quoted single line: "We must love one another or die." The injunction, he probably felt, gives too much encouragement to complacent mankind-lovers.

One reason why Auden went to America was doubtless the feeling that he could do no more public good by supporting anti-Fascism. Perhaps here he under-estimated other radiances his presence might have had. However, what he had really left behind was not England but the English literary game of Happy Families after the debacle of the 1930s. He no more forsook England than Yeats, when he left it, forsook Ireland. Richard Hoggart quotes in his book on Auden an interview where he says:

> The attractiveness of America to a writer is its openness and lack of tradition. In a way it's frightening. You are forced to live here as everyone else will be forced to live. There is no past. No tradition. No roots—that is, in the European sense. But what is happening here is happening everywhere. The general effect of the trends of machinery has been to de-root people. . . . With history moving so fast, people are so afraid! People feel, what is the permanent thing?

In the United States, Auden has rapidly become the outstanding American poet of his generation. Always a teacher, he has had a very definite influence on the work of the younger writers. Not only fashions in technique, such as the almost entire abandonment of *vers libre*, are traceable to him, but still more the technical conscientiousness and the intellectual purposiveness of the younger American poets. The situation of a poet who attains Auden's eminence in the States is not only to be "alone—man's real condition"; it is also economically easier. Americans pay generously to hear poets read their poems. If the poet risks selling himself, he does so on a scale which pays for time in which he can write more poetry.

Auden's religious conversion goes back to 1937 when, in Barcelona, he experienced one of those shocks that waken a man to awareness of his real beliefs. The churches were closed. He suddenly realised that what he felt was far more than the upset of the liberal who thinks everyone should be free to believe anything. The next stage was his meeting, purely on business, with Charles Williams. Meeting the man of affairs, he went away impressed by the saint. Then, early on in the war, he saw the Nazi film *Sieg im Poland*. The brutal honesty of its assumption that might is right challenged him: "If I think this wrong, on what do I base the values to dispute the implications of materialism?" He began, too, to think that the Leftish acceptance of what went on in Stalin's Russia was really based on a snobbish feeling—they are only Russians. If one really accepted them as equal human beings one had to reject the ideas that produced their kind of results, and take the responsibility of judging them as one judged oneself.

In New York Auden lives quietly, seeing a few friends, one of whom is the theologian Reinhold Niebuhr. Of recent years he has developed a passion for Italian opera. His reading is mostly history: Merovingian, Roman, early British. He is also interested in geography, geology and mineralogy. His bedside reading is Tolkien, and Saintsbury's *History of English Literature*. He has a Siamese cat. The order of his poetry grows out of an untidiness in his rooms which must rival that of Beethoven.

He agreed to stand for election for the Oxford Chair of Poetry because he was invited to do so. A poet who so likes wheels within wheels must also be delighted when his own wheel comes full circle. And the return to Christ Church is an astonishing revolution. It is a comeback that must also seem a signal challenge. The lectures with which he takes this up—his Inaugural is on June 11—promise at the very least to be among his most conscious and chosen efforts. They come at a time when God—if he reads *Oxford Poetry*—must know that the undergraduates need stimulating. Not that Auden imagines poetry can be taught. The great honour has a touch of the absurd: that he is called "Professor of Poetry." The title of Professor, by the way, he eschews.

First Thoughts

We print below extracts from our reviews of W. H. Auden's first two volumes.

POEMS: reviewed anonymously, Nov. 8, 1930.

. . . The difficulties which a reader of Mr. W. H. Auden's poems will encounter are even greater, for his intention is obscure as well as his result. About half the book is occupied by a charade which is notable for the nervous tension it arouses. This also characterises the other poems in the book in varying degrees. . . . At their face value such poems, even if they have a transitory technical value, can be likened to wax dolls made by a childless man who loves children and knows all about how they should be brought up.

THE ORATORS: reviewed by G. W. Stonier, May 28, 1932.

. . . Readers of his *Poems*, published last year, will be prepared for difficulties and excitements: *The Orators* provides them. . . .

. . . It seems to me—I may be wrong—that Mr. Auden has reached a stage where myth-making is as important to him as writing poetry. *The Orators* is an attempt to create a personal myth. Hence the careful setting of insignificant bits from a diary, the baffling references to friends and unknown minor incidents, the symbolism, the parade of private humour and of the mysterious private sorrow. The book reminds me curiously of some of Cocteau's opium drawings, of those vertebrate human figures constructed of great tubular nerves, severe yet agonised. . . .

. . . With so much in this book that is fine and original, one hesitates to ask the author for more *explanation*. Yet that is what is needed. He works so intimately, but at such a distance. One hopes that time will bridge the gap, and that we will get nearer to him or he to us. Meanwhile, *The Orators* is the most unsatisfactory statement of faith that a poet ever put forward, and one of the most arresting.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

W. H. Auden in America

IT is interesting to go back over Auden's books and to try to trace the effect on his work of his residence in the United States, to which he first came in 1939 and which, now an American citizen, he has made his headquarters ever since. Let me say at the outset that this influence of America does not seem to me in the least to have diluted the Englishness of Auden or to have changed its essential nature. Auden's genius is basically English—though in ways which, in the literary world, seem at present rather out of fashion. He is English in his toughness, his richness, his obstinacy, his adventurousness, his eccentricity. What America has done for Auden is to help him to acquire what is certainly today one of the best things an American can hope to have: a mind that feels itself at the centre of things. It has given him a point of view that is inter- or super-national.

One can see now, in re-reading Auden, that he had always a much more widely foraging habit of mind than most English writers of his generation. The chief theme of his early work was, to be sure, a British schoolboy conspiracy in which the Marxist crusade against capitalism was identified with the revolt of the young against schoolmasters and parents and their governments. The economic crisis of the Thirties gave rise to such protests everywhere and inspired such subversive hopes, but the rebellion of Auden and his friends was so much in terms of the English world—of public-school, university and Bloomsbury—in which they had grown up and been educated and in which they now felt themselves imprisoned—as scarcely to be intelligible elsewhere. A brilliant poem such as the *Last Will and Testament* of Auden and Louis MacNeice, included in their *Letters from Iceland*, will need eventually as many notes to explain its innumerable references to the Oxford-Cambridge-London group as the Testaments of Villon that suggested it (though it should always be able to speak for itself as the Testaments of Villon do). Yet there was more in this early Auden than the schoolboy loves and hates and the private jokes. The writer of this article, who first read Auden's poems at a time when he had seen very little of England since the beginning of the first world war in the summer of 1914, was largely unaware of their interest as a commentary on English life. It was only in 1945, when, returning to the United States after spending some time in England, he looked into these early poems of Auden again, that he found in them an illuminating picture of an England he had not known till he saw it, in a further phase, at the end of the second war: an England suburbanised, industrialised, considerably Americanised, impoverished and sadly crippled but pretending that nothing had happened. One could see how young men in England, in the years just before the war, might have thought they would be happier in the United States, where you had the whole thing on a bigger scale—the excitements of the machine age and its bankruptcies, the vulgarities as well as the freedoms of an era of social levelling—and with not so much of the past to act as a drag on new departures. Those who criticised Auden and his friends in the Thirties for not outgrowing their schoolboy mentality should not blame them for breaking away and betaking themselves to a country where hardly half-a-dozen names in the Iceland Testament would even be recognised. They had already begun to explore: Spain and Germany as well as Iceland. Auden and Christopher Isherwood had made, in 1938, a journey to Hongkong and Shanghai, then had crossed the Pacific to Vancouver and ended up in New York. They returned at that time to Europe, but the following year came back to live permanently here in the United States. With Auden the process of Americanisation had already begun in England. He had been reading American writers, had tried his hand at American ballads, and had shown, in these and in *The Dance of Death*, published in 1933, that he had already—in rather a surprising way—got the hang of the American vernacular.

The first fruits of Auden's American period—especially *New Year Letter* of 1941, which contains the long poem of that title and the sonnet sequence *The Quest*—are already in certain ways quite distinct from anything he had written in England. The poet is more alone. "Derek" and his other allies as well as "the enemy" of *The Orators* have disappeared in *The Quest*.

> What is the greatest wonder in the world?
> The bare man Nothing in the Beggar's Bush.

These strange *dépaysés* sonnets seem to me unique and enchanting—their fairy-like phantoms that alternate with commonplace down-to-earth phrases, their images that dilate or wobble, the mysterious concluding poem with its blur of beginnings and endings:

> The gaunt and great, the famed for conversation
> Blushed in the stare of evening as they spoke,
> And felt their centre of volition shifted.

It was in connection with *New Year Letter* that the writer of this article first noticed a certain characteristic of Auden's writing. If one was baffled by a passage in one of his poems, one was likely to become aware soon afterward that what the poet had been saying was something that, precisely, one had just felt oneself but that one had hardly expected to find expressed in poetry so promptly.

If the hero of *The Quest* seems stripped of old friends, the longer poem, *New Year Letter*, addressed to a refugee from Germany, opens on a larger vista than those of the earlier poems:

> Across East River in the night
> Manhattan is ablaze with light . . .
>
> More even than in Europe, here
> The choice of patterns is made clear
> Which the machine imposes, what
> Is possible and what is not,
> To what conditions we must bow
> In building the Just City now.

The last lines of this poem give voice to the poet's exhilaration in moving about the world and the conviction of solidarity with companions in anxiety everywhere that was justified by such a response on the part of the foreign reader as, in my own case, I have mentioned above:

> O every day in sleep and labour
> Our life and death are with our neighbour,
> And love illuminates again
> The city and the lion's den,
> The world's great rage, the travel of
> young men.

He touches here on American history, but he makes no attempt to talk American. He speaks of "East River" without the article, as no New Yorker would do. One finds in the *Letter*, as in *The Quest*, an accent of loneliness. Yet one feels that the poet is now, as he was not in his earlier poems, a completely free-swimming organism; and he has created his extraordinary new language, a brilliant international English, which may drop into French or German or carry along bits of Latin and Greek, and which is presently to absorb much American. He is not here any longer rebelling against British institutions that have irked his boyhood. He is dealing with the whole modern world: its discomforts, its disquiets, its crimes, its myths—"the city and the lion's den"; with the problem of how to live in it, to get out of it what it can give, to avoid being paralysed or bought by it. It may well be that this aspect of Auden is more intelligible to an American than to an Englishman, for this feeling oneself a member of a determined resistant minority has been now for

The History of Science

> All fables of adventure stress
> The need for courtesy and kindness;
> Without the Helpers none can win
> The flaxen-haired Princess.
>
> They look the ones in need of aid
> Yet, thanks to them, the gentle-hearted
> Third Brother beds the woken Queen
> While seniors who made
>
> Cantankerous replies to crones
> Or dogs that begged to share their rations
> Must expiate their pride as daws
> Or wind-swept bachelor stones.
>
> Few of a sequel, though, have heard:
> Uneasy pedagogues have censored
> All written reference to a brother
> Younger than the Third.
>
> Soft-spoken as new moon this Fourth,
> A sun of gifts to all he met with,
> But when advised *Go south a while*,
> Smiled *Thank-you* and turned north,
>
> Trusting some map in his own head,
> So never reached the goal intended
> (His map, of course, was out) but blundered
> On a wonderful instead,
>
> A tower not circular but square,
> A treasure not of gold but silver;
> He kissed a shorter Sleeper's hand
> And stroked her raven hair.
>
> Dare sound Authority confess
> That one may err his way to riches,
> Win glory by mistake, his dear
> Through sheer wrong-headedness?

W. H. AUDEN

nearly a hundred years a typical situation in America. Such people in the later nineteenth century were likely to be defeated or embittered. In our own, they have felt the backing of a partly inarticulate public who are not satisfied with the bilge that the popular media feed them in their movies and magazines, and who are grateful to anyone who will make a stand for that right to think for themselves which is supposed to be guaranteed us by the Bill of Rights and that right to a high level of culture which the framers of the Constitution—taking it so much for granted—would never have thought to include. These American writers of which I speak do not constitute a group, they do not frequent an official café; and on this account, the visitor from Europe is likely to come to the conclusion that, except in the universities, we have no intellectual life. He cannot conceive that the American writers are functioning in the crevices of cities, on the faculties of provincial colleges or scattered all over the country in the solitude of ranches and farms. This kind of life was now to be Auden's lot, and he must have had some desolating experiences:

> Some think they're strong, some think they're smart,
> Like butterflies they're pulled apart,
> America can break your heart.
> *You don't know all, sir, you don't know all.*

But I have always been struck by the naturalness with which Auden took things here for granted and—though I thought there was a good deal he did not understand—with the perfect propriety of his being here. One felt this especially when one noticed how easily he was able to incorporate the American colloquial speech, American allusions and customs, into the marvellous amalgam of his language, along with his foreign quotations, his technical vocabulary of botany, psychology and metallurgy (that sometimes derail the reader) and all those toothsome old British words—such as *mawmet*, *faffle* and *balter*—that turn out, when you look them up, to be Prov. Eng. or Dial. Eng., Archaic or Obsolete. It is not a question here of a successful American impersonation, as in the case of those stories of Kipling's that are supposed to be told by Americans or of those parts of Isherwood's *The World in the Evening* in which the narrator's American aspect is supposed to be uppermost. Such performances are *tours de force*, in which the least slip will jar. But in Auden an "East River" or two does not matter, since it is not an imaginary American who is speaking—and even when Auden has assigned his lines to some invented being (he has little dramatic sense)—it is the language of Auden that is speaking, and this language has breathed in its Americanism as easily as its Oxford gossip, its country talk of *leats* and *eagres*, its Horatian and Anglo-Saxon metres. The poem called *The Unknown Citizen*, contributed to the *New Yorker* at an early stage of Auden's American residence, was a satire on standardisation of a kind of which we had already had a good deal and which it did not take Auden to give us; but by the time he did his Phi Beta Kappa ode for Harvard in 1946, he had a quite intimate knowledge of the special world to which he was addressing himself, and had something of his own to tell it.

It is curious to compare Auden in his London dress of the *Poems* of 1930, published by Faber & Faber, one of their thin and distinguished volumes that all the smart people read, with Auden in American homespun—or at least, in a New York suit—the *Collected Poetry* of 1945, published by Random House. Hardly can we recognise here the young man, just up from Oxford, who appeared, under Eliot's patronage, in company with a few select friends. The friends are no longer present; the poems that seemed to herald the British revolution—including some very good ones—have for the most part been pitilessly scrapped. We find a volume printed on not good grey paper, of over four hundred pages, in which the poems are all run together, not beginning on separate pages, and in which old poems have been given new titles of a colloquial, even folksy kind: *Please Make Yourself at Home, It's Too Much, Something is Bound to Happen, Venus Will Now Say a Few Words*. Here are most of our favourite old friends, along with a lot of new ones, sitting around in New York or strolling on the college campus. One saw with surprise that Auden—so far from being a rarity that could only be appreciated by a few—was the old-fashioned kind of poet, like Browning or Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (not that I would compare him with the latter), who is at his best when printed and read in bulk. He amuses us, converses with us, does his best to give us good advice; he sings us comic songs, supplies us with brilliant elegies on the deaths of great contemporaries; he charms us, he lulls us to sleep; he lifts us to a moment of inspiration. In metrics, in architectronics, as well as in handling of language, he is, of course, an incredible virtuoso—the most accomplished poet in English since the great nineteenth-century masters; Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne; he does not call attention to this, and many people who read him do not even know it. If he is not precisely a "family poet" like Longfellow, Wordsworth and Tennyson, the fact that he is one of the most edible, one of the most satisfactory of contemporary writers in verse is proved by the sales of the *Collected Poetry*, which have reached, in the United States, the almost unprecedented figure of over thirty thousand copies.

I have had lately a little the feeling that the interest for Auden of the United States is not now quite so lively as it once was. His last book, *The Shield of Achilles*, seems less localised than any of its predecessors. One of its most attractive features is the sequence of lovely *Bucolics* that consists—under such bald titles as *Mountains*, *Lakes*, *Islands* and so on—of generalised pieces about landscape, about landscape presented in a novel but very characteristic way that is at once geological and subjective. Since becoming an American citizen, the poet has not ceased to explore, to roam—he has covered more ground in this country than most Americans do, and he now spends every summer in Italy. This spring he returns to England to be lecturer on poetry at Oxford. It is a part of his role to go everywhere, be accessible to all sorts of people, serve interestedly and conscientiously in innumerable varied capacities: on the staff of a Middle Western college; at a cultural congress in India; on a grand jury in New York City, deciding the fate of gangsters; on a committee of the American Academy, making handouts to needy writers. He has above all withstood the ordeal of America through a habitation of seventeen years; he has even "succeeded" here. And he has made all these exploits contribute to the work of a great English poet who is also—in the not *mondain* sense—one of the great English men of the world.

EDMUND WILSON
Wellfleet, Mass.

Titanic!

A Night to Remember. By WALTER LORD. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

The story was told before it happened. In his novel *Futility*, which was published in 1898, Morgan Robertson described the loss of the world's largest passenger liner, crowded with the rich and the complacent. Named the *Titan*, it was wrecked by an iceberg on a cold April night. At 11.40 p.m. on April 14, 1912, complacency and commercialism drove the *Titanic* into an icefield at 22 knots: at 2.20 p.m. it sank, drowning 1,500 people, and the shock of that collision shook two hemispheres. It shook their confidence in technology, for the ship was presumed unsinkable; it shook the class system, for millionaires escaped while the immigrants in steerage were battened below decks; and, as the orgy of sentimental myth-making showed, it shook the unconscious assumptions about Anglo-Saxon superiority, courage, seamanship. Mr. Lord is quite right in saying that, more than any other event, the loss of the *Titanic* marked "the end of the old days, and the beginning of a new, uneasy era."

In the phrase that Morgan Robertson had used fourteen years before, it was all so futile. The

W. H. Auden

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word runs as an undertone through this book. The design of the ship was futile. It had watertight compartments that did not reach right up through the hull, so that water could spill over from one to another—yet this floating hotel also had a Parisian café, a Turkish bath, all the luxuries that the White Star Line believed would attract the rich international set. It had a band, an army of waiters and stewards—yet there were too few trained seamen to ensure order or to get the boats away properly loaded from a ship that took three hours to go down in a calm sea. The *Titanic* carried the managing director of the line and the builder of the ship—but it carried lifeboats for only 1,178 of the 2,207 people on board. Captain Smith knowingly drove his ship into dangerous waters after receiving an ice-warning. Boats were cleared half-empty, and the hysterical survivors refused to go back and pick up others struggling in the water. The *Californian*, waiting for daylight to move out of the ice-field, stood off ten miles away; its radio operator went off duty at 11.30; its officer of the watch was only slightly disturbed by distress rockets, a flickering morse lamp, and the disappearance of the *Titanic's* lights. He woke the captain, who asked the time and went back to sleep. It was all so futile, because it was all unnecessary.

It is a discreditable tale, redeemed only by the genuine courage of those who knew that they were going to their deaths. But it is clear from Mr. Lord's account that, almost to the end, only a minority of the passengers knew what was happening. Most of the ship's officers seem to have been more anxious to avoid a panic, and to get the cherished first class away, than to save as many people as possible. True, there were millionaires who died with dignity, like John Jacob Astor and Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Straus. But the survivors' list shows that the class distinctions were kept to the tragic end. They were kept even in the press treatment of the disaster. The New York *American* broke the news with a leading article devoted almost entirely to John Jacob Astor, and briefly noted that many others had died. A story in the *Sun* was primarily concerned about the insurance payment on Mrs. Widener's pearls. For weeks the press on both sides of the Atlantic ran tear-jerking stories, most of them untrue, which squared more with the romantic conception of a shipwreck than with the facts.

It was this that angered Bernard Shaw, and drove him to write in the *Daily News* that this "ghastly, blasphemous, inhuman, braggartly lying" filled him with "profound disgust." Rereading his article today it is clear that Shaw came close to the mark, for Mr. Lord's narrative bears out his main points. It is a pity that Mr. Lord does not mention Shaw's attack, or the controversy with Conan Doyle that followed, for it would have given more substance to his rather thin summary of public reactions to the loss of the *Titanic*. No doubt Mr. Lord can claim that he has merely tried to reconstruct what went on during the three hours that the ship took to go down, and he has done that well enough to ensure that this book will sell as well in Britain as it has in the U.S. But why not omit some of the acknowledgements, some of the padding introduced to fill this long article out to book length, and print instead the Shaw-Doyle exchange, print, too, some analysis of the extraordinary inquiry which followed in America, and make at least some reference to the two remarkable articles that Conrad published in the *English Review*?

I agree with Mr. Lord that the *Titanic's* loss was a symbol. I feel, much more strongly than he does, that it was also a scandal. Thomas Hardy wrote a poem in which he describes how the Immanent Will prepared the ship and the iceberg for "the intimate welding of their later history." The truth is that the wreck was the result of incompetent construction, bad seamanship, the attempt of the White Star Line to wring the last penny out of the profitable Atlantic trade, and a combination of class and commercial consciousness which dominated the whole affair from the design of the ship to the launching of the lifeboats. Mr. Lord says this, certainly, but he says it very nicely, and with due detachment. Anyone who really wishes to sense the sickening horror of that April night should go on from this book to Conrad's articles, which are available in his *Notes on Life and Letters* in the collected edition.

> If you can't carry or handle so many boats, then don't cram so many people on board. . . . Don't sell so many tickets, my virtuous dignitary. After all, men and women (unless considered from a purely commercial point of view) are not exactly the cattle of the Western-ocean trade, that used some twenty years ago to be thrown overboard in an emergency and left to swim round and round before they sank. If you can't get more boats, then sell less tickets. Don't drown so many people . . . even if you have provided them with a little music to get drowned by. Sell less tickets!

But Conrad was a seaman who had seen men drown in freezing water, not an advertising executive.

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Inca Adventure. By BERTRAND FLORNOY. Translated by WINIFRED BRADFORD. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

Highway of the Sun. By VICTOR VON HAGEN. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

The tourist who visits Central America first, who sees a living culture growing out of the primitive in modern Mexico and who visits the monuments of the Aztecs and the Maya, is usually disappointed by the austere vestiges of the Incas and their lethargic descendants. The silver, polygonal stones and forts of Cuzco; the "gateway of the sun," that simple desert arch which is all that is left by the Spaniards of Tiahuanaco; the lost "holy city," fort or whatever it is of Machu Picchu, all the Inca remains inscribed with crocodile, jaguar and the weeping deity whose tears fertilise the earth between Guiana and the Andes, are the bleak monuments of a genius which was puritanical and political. They owe nearly everything to the awe the Andes inspire in us and something to our old liberal hostility to the Spaniards. We forget that totalitarian met totalitarian at the encounter of Pizarro and Atahualpa. Usurper and usurper, too. If we could have seen all the treasure that Pizarro saw on the walls at Cuzco, we might think more of the Inca arts; as it is we are disappointed in the single storey dwellings and feel the prison boredom of the thought of the perfectly run communal state. The marvel is in the adaptation of a culture to the high, cold altitude which was also—as M. Flornoy, a French explorer says in his new book on a well-worn subject—"its permanent tragedy." The list of the diseases to which the Incas were exposed is frightening. The great interest of the Incas lies in the story of their emergence and their ingenuity in getting as far as they did with a primitive equipment. They ran an efficient, highly organised empire without the aid of the written word and without the wheel.

The proper way in which to stir the imagination in the Inca interest is to visit the wonderful Tello museum in Lima. Tello created Peruvian archaeology and inspired the vast amount that has already been done in Peru. M. Flornoy who has travelled for many years in Peru was fired by Tello's theories. He has built up the story of the Incas from sound sources and instead of the usual beglamoured history he has done a well-written, orderly and inquiring book for the general reader. He conveys, what scholars are apt to leave out, the sense of a quest. The book begins by running over the facts of the Spanish conquest and then goes back into the complex legends of Inca legend and religion, gradually clearing an intelligible road through it all, suggesting the phases of migration and watching the creating of new gods out of old. Thus the old Peruvian god Viracocha becomes Kon Tiki Viracocha, or Kon Tiki Illac Viracocha, as the conquering and evolving Incas assimilate the gods of the conquered. Proceeding from god to god, they became masters of the coast of Peru and to Viracocha added Irma-Pachacamac, the saviour of the world. It is the Messianic sign of empire. Their journey, or rather the whole Indian journey had taken them through centuries from the jungle to the highlands, until they found the metals of the Andes. To the modern traveller who sees the copper and tin mines of the Pacific South American coast, that moment when the Incas saw the fires of the primitive smelting furnaces of Potosi lighting up the sky at night is one of the dramatic moments of history. It is as startling in its way as Balboa's sight of the Pacific.

M. Flornoy has a clear head for the dramas of a developing culture and he gives a perspective to what we perhaps know in the flat already. The genius of the Incas was soldierly, practical and orderly. They ruled and ordered an estate. In the Andes only groups and companies could survive. They formed the communes which the Spaniard destroyed; the wealth lay in work and agriculture, not in treasure or money. A few of these communities have survived in remote places of the Andes and are now protected by Peruvian law. The Incas regulated the life of the people down to the smallest detail and were severe in doing so. The great drug was not the coca-leaf, but never-ceasing work. Did the cult of work rise out of that spiritual dulling and passivity which the high altitudes fixed upon the people? In his dealings with Pizarro, Atahualpa behaved with that fatal languor and lack of imagination which goes by the name of cunning. The Inca culture was cut and dried. Their great marvel, the quipou, the elaborate system of recording and even of sending messages by the immensely complicated instruments of knotted string, was a technician's triumph and one might say the characteristic invention of people who see life as endless toil. The logic of these people is military. They were mad on categories: the blind married the blind, the crippled the crippled, the dwarves the dwarves. The confessional supervised and checked the rebellions of the individual.

Inca communism was a despotism of mutual insurance. With wistful interest one reads of one queen who cried and whined all day and took to drink and of another who fought tooth and nail—literally—because she had an eccentric distaste for her husband's concubines.

When Bingham discovered Machu Picchu he believed it was the legendary city of Vilcabamba in which the last of the Incas retired and were lost. He was wrong. Peru is full of "lost cities" and sites and, in this respect, is an archæologist's paradise. Mr. von Hagen, a German-American traveller, decided that the key to the lost cities is the Inca road system and in 1952 he took a lavishly provided expedition to explore it. He has produced an exciting and very well-written book on the subject. The reader is already familiar with accounts of the famous Inca highway that ran from Cuzco to Quito where the relays of Indian runners could transmit a message over 1,200 miles in three days; but this road was merely the chief of a network of often well-paved fifteen-foot roads that ruled the life of the empire. They are now empty and broken by landslides but, as Mr. von Hagen shows, still passable; in the 16th century, Spaniards described the Cuzco route as being as crowded as the road from Seville to the Triana. The present silence is a measure of the Spanish destruction. Archæologically, Mr. von Hagen's journeys had daily rewards and he made his own finds in the mountains, and (most interesting of all) in the coastal desert in the Inca county which he surveyed by air. The dramas of discovery and detection are remarkable; but Mr. von Hagen is also a good observer of people and of the fantastic changes of climate and vegetation which are a commonplace of the mountains, and very exhausting to the traveller. Altitude, hunger, cold, the Andean storms and the frequent landslides were the conditions of the arduous journeys. One morning he woke up in a cave to find he had been sleeping among the squatting mummified bodies of Indian miners. In short, allowing for the moments of over-dramatisation which afflict these almost farcically rich American expeditions, this is an absorbing book. Its historical information, especially in the routing of the various rebellions that followed the easy Spanish conquest, is excellent. Mr. von Hagen's comparison of the Inca road builders with the Romans goes rather far; but the Inca system was not random communication. It was powerful and political.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Dying Peace

Documents on German Foreign Policy 1918-1945. Series D (1937-1945) Volume VI. The Last Months of Peace, March-August 1939. *H.M.S.O.* 50*s*.

In April, 1939, Hitler decided to attack Poland on September 1. At least everyone says so nowadays. And not surprisingly. For, if true, it is a universal alibi. No conspiracies by Germans, no alliances by foreign powers, no warnings, no inducements could have made any difference. They were all as futile as trying to stop an avalanche. Statesmen may be blamed for failing to prepare adequately for war; they cannot be condemned for failing to preserve a peace which Hitler had doomed in advance. But is it true? The full record of the German foreign ministry from the occupation of Prague on March 15 to August 8, 1939, is now before us. This is not a record of planning for an inevitable war, but a story of passive drift, waiting for something to turn up. German power was extended here and there—especially in the Balkans—by bluster and economic pressure; the rather futile Pact of Steel was made with Italy on May 23. Otherwise, German diplomacy rattled tentatively at the international structure and wondered what would happen.

Of course, this record does not tell us much about Hitler. Its principal figures are Ribbentrop and Weizsäcker—the one bullying and incompetent, the other ingratiating and timid. Hitler remains off-stage, a volcano temporarily not in eruption. Certainly the armed forces were told to be ready to attack Poland on September 1. But Hitler's most formal utterance on May 23 is a good deal vaguer. He will attack Poland if she is isolated; otherwise he will turn first against the west and fight sometime a war of blockade against England. When? Perhaps, as Mussolini suggested, in 1943; a dream-project, in fact, for a distant future. When Hitler received foreign visitors—from Hungary, Yugoslavia or Rumania—he recited to them a rather worn gramophone record: denunciations of Versailles, Germany's need for living space, her limitless power.

This record only revealed the hotch-potch of political generalities which surged through Hitler's mind. He meant some time to pull off a great stroke, but had no clear idea when, or what it would be. As he said to the Italian Ambassador on March 20:

> Whenever reasonable and well-founded claims which he had put forward in the past, had been rejected, he had not acted immediately, but had merely said to himself that all the normal methods of procedure to realise these demands were exhausted, and that it was useless to handle the respective problems any longer through the diplomatic channels. He (the Führer) then awaited his moment when, without further discussion, he could quickly carry through his intentions.

What were these intentions? Danzig, colonies, the Ukraine? Probably Hitler himself did not decide until his troops entered Poland on September 1.

Decision lay in Moscow and London, not with the fumbling manœuvres of Berlin. Germany's diplomatic position did not improve during the summer of 1939, despite the procession of terrified satellites from every country in eastern Europe. Rather the reverse. Turkey was estranged by the German alliance with Italy. Mussolini, on the other hand—eager for war when it had been a rhetorical phrase—drew back as soon as it became a practical topic, and insisted that Italy must remain neutral. Worse still, Japan, the other member of the Anti-Comintern pact, wanted this to be directed solely against Soviet Russia and refused to keep step when it was turned against England and France. Hitler might bluster that England had no troops and Russia no striking power. They would have been a formidable combination all the same if they had come together in wholehearted co-operation. Hitler's supreme asset was his unshakable conviction that they would not come together. He guessed about the rift between the two countries, just as he divined the weakness of his opponents before he became Chancellor in 1933 or as Napoleon always guessed the weakness of his enemy—a method which carried both men from one success to another until the day when they guessed wrong.

Was it only guesswork based on general impressions? Or was Hitler tipped off by either or both that they were bluffing? It is now accepted dogma in the west that the Russians were bluffing all along; and therefore it is easy to assume that they revealed this to the Germans. The charge is hard to substantiate. Certainly the Russians wanted to improve economic relations; and they sometimes implied that better political relations might follow. But they waited for the Germans to put terms forward, as the Foreign Ministry—losing its nerve—sometimes wanted. In one way the Russians were more conciliatory than the British or, if one prefers the phrase, more appeasing. They were not committed to Poland; and they never threatened to go to war if Poland were attacked. But since the Poles had persistently refused their aid, who can blame them? The British guarantee to Poland was a blunder—one of the greatest ever made in the history of diplomacy. It is unreasonable to complain that the Russians, like Colonel Beck, took advantage of it. What the Germans expected and feared was a straight defensive alliance between England and Russia—an alliance which might well have made Hitler hesitate, but which had no attractions for the British, as much because it would commit them against Japan as because it would not commit Russia in favour of Poland.

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

We are driven back, however reluctantly, to the responsibilities of the British government. They had taken one decisive initiative in the guarantee to Poland. Would they now proceed to a new structure of alliances or would they lose heart and pretend that nothing had happened? The impression from these documents is of a machine running down: an elderly gentleman dropping off to sleep again in his arm-chair after a last kick of virility. Chamberlain defined the theme-song of all the appeasers when he said to Adam von Trott: "Do you believe that I enter into these obligations gladly? Herr Hitler forces me to it." Von Trott's report on his "fact-finding visit" is an anthology of appeasement, with the romantic dead charm of a butterfly collection. There are no surprises in it; only the flowering of expected follies. Other revelations in this volume are of a graver kind. Who, for example, was "the reliable source" who informed Dirksen, the German ambassador, of every move in the Anglo-Soviet negotiations? The informant usually passed on the news with about two days' delay; once, however, within twelve hours. This looks more like a member of the Foreign Office than a hired spy or a sharp-eared journalist. But for what purpose? To frighten the Germans with the prospect of an effective alliance? Or to assure them that it would never come off?

Lastly, we come to Sir Horace Wilson and his conversations with Wohltat during the International Conference on Whaling. The Russians have long made great play with these and found in them justification for their own change of front. Sir Horace recorded his version on July 18, 1939, for the benefit of the Foreign Office; and it duly appeared in the British Documents. A harmless conversation indeed: merely the usual theme of readiness to be friendly to Germany as soon as Hitler reverted to peaceful methods. Now we have Wohltat's account and—deadlier still—his summary of a memorandum "brought in by Sir Horace's secretary" and containing "an elaboration, approved by Neville Chamberlain, of the points which would have to be dealt with between the German and British Governments." Here is a full programme of co-operation: mutual declarations of non-aggression and non-interference; sharing of foreign markets; industrial and financial partnership. No wonder that Hitler did not take British warnings very seriously when he had the Prime Minister's programme in such detail, nor that the Russians took fright. What, we may ask, has happened to the memorandum, since it escaped the editors of the British Documents? Was it suppressed by Sir Horace Wilson? Or by Neville Chamberlain? Obviously many people would be glad for it to disappear; and we should never have heard of it if the German records had not fallen into Allied hands. The team of editors deserve a special word of praise. They have surpassed themselves in the present volume; and though nothing could make reading it a pleasure, the editors have made it a little less laborious.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Book Society Recommendation

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MULLER

Gloves Off

The Ignoble Art. By EDITH SUMMERSKILL. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Should anything really be done about boxing? The facts, of course, have been known for some time, even by writers. It is significant that the few really good modern stories which boxing has inspired stress some aspect of its baseness, for instance Hemingway's *Fifty Grand*.

On the physiological side there is much to be said. There is no doubt that almost any blow to the head may cause some damage to the brain and that repeated blows can and do cause punch-drunkenness or traumatic encephalitis. This condition, in varying degrees from slight disability to total incapacitation, blindness and insanity, is not uncommon among professional boxers—especially, of course, those sluggers who disdain defence and pride themselves on being able to take it. In the same way that your chronic alcoholic acquires a dangerously high tolerance of liquor so your "punchy" acquires a dangerously high tolerance of blows. The so-called "glass-jawed" type of boxer who is easily knocked out is in little danger—like the spinster who becomes all muzzy after a glass of cowslip wine. The spectacle of an extreme "punchy" in process of exploitation is pretty sickening. The worst instance I ever saw was Jack Casey, the Sunderland middleweight who used to be billed as "Cast-iron Casey." I saw him fight twice: once when he was nineteen, in his fiery prime, and again eight years later when he was travelling round the country earning a few pounds taking punch after punch in the face from local heavyweights. The change which those eight years had brought about in Casey was quite terrifying. He waddled slowly round the ring thrusting his jowl out. I saw a Cornish heavyweight break his hand on it. Casey seemed quite unaffected, but he is now in a mental hospital, or was recently; he may be dead.

The sociological implications of this kind of spectacle are obvious enough. There is no shortage of condemnations of professional boxing, whether at the top where the big money is, or in the squalor of its lower depths. Who wrote this?:

> When there entered the professional ring a number of ill-made, ugly, unworthy men who could no more box than they could appreciate fresh air, but who understood the subtle arts of finance and showmanship and "boost," the degradation of the professional ring began. . . .
>
> As the lure of money took the place of pride in victory . . . clean fighting was superseded by clever manipulation. . . .
>
> The public which attended boxing contests was no longer either interested, well informed, or enthusiastic so much as a great herd of ignorant and befuzzled people, potential ticket buyers, fooled by the press, fooled by the promoter, fooled by the boxer. . . .

Not, of course, Dr. Summerskill, who quotes it, but Lord Knebworth in his book on boxing in the Lonsdale Library. Most of Dr. Summerskill's major facts are indisputable; her inaccuracies, on which one or two sports writers have fastened, are relatively insignificant. Her book, however, has several demerits, whether you consider it as a sincere propagandist diatribe or an objective description of a state of affairs. It is scrappy, and its style, though clear, is that of a speech in a debating society—a school rather than a Parliamentary one; there is a distinct tendency to exaggerate the physiological perils of boxing, though in view of the way they have been minimised by interested parties one can sympathise. But the condemnation of amateur boxing as quite on a par with professional both for physical danger and general sadistic baseness, goes ridiculously far, neglecting any of the recent improvements and safeguards, and her final equation of boxing with war is downright hysterical and silly. The obstinacy with which Dr. Summerskill refuses to see the peculiar fascination of good boxing and its value as a psychological exercise in controlled aggression is quite surprising in someone of her intelligence. Never mind, she does more good than harm.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Pacific Temperaments

Our Samoan Adventure. By FANNY and ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by CHARLES NEIDER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

Authors' wives, on the whole, get a raw deal from authors' admirers. How much better a mate, they imply, they could have picked for the Master than he managed for himself! If the wives are quiet, house-trained creatures, ready to offer the sympathetic ear, the open purse, the full cradle, the hot posset, the warmed slipper, or whatever their lord and genius demand, they risk being written-off as inferior animals lacking a soul. If they have character, individuality, a mind of their own, even a talent or profession of their own, then it is even worse and the tale is all of their hardness and selfish ambition.

Fanny Stevenson had her enemies from the first. Henley loathed her because she put an end to those boisterous whisky evenings that so taxed Stevenson's health; Colvin deprecated her because she was a middle-aged nobody from the barbarian side of the States who had snapped up his gifted boy. Admirers of Stevenson have tended to follow their lead, and to blame Fanny for being prudish, Philistine and mercenary. No doubt she was all those things; but she was also tough, enterprising and devoted, and it was those qualities that were needed to keep Stevenson alive at all, and to give him his last four years of comparatively active existence in the South Seas.

Now in this diary which she kept intermittently at Vailima from 1890 to 1893, Fanny Stevenson speaks for herself. It appears carefully edited and annotated by Mr. Charles Neider, who lately discovered it in California; he has scientifically restored some indiscreet passages cancelled by a later hand, and served it up with extracts from Stevenson's letters to give continuity, a number of excellent and unfamiliar photographs, and some editorial observations which one could have done without. Stevenson, who did his wife no service by composing one of his worst set-pieces on her ("Trusty, dusky," etc.), caught Fanny far more happily in some occasional verses dashed off at Vailima on her and her daughter Belle:

> From European womankind
> They are divided and defined
> By the free limb and the plain mind—

It is the American pioneer, the unconventional New Woman, who comes through this entertaining record, scribbled down after a hard day's riding, planting coffee, or sorting out the tangled family problems of the Samoan servants. Fanny is full of complaints on minor points—she has sore feet and scratched hands, natives steal pigs, hens eat their own eggs, the medicine-man gives trouble, the Apia shops sell champagne but not rakes—but full of spirit about the major job of

carving out a home and estate from the Samoan jungle. And what a set-up it was, a fantastic mixture of *Cranford, Coral Island* and *Wuthering Heights*, with the Stevensons and Osbournes having inspirations and scenes in a setting of family prayers, the best Edinburgh glass and silver, the Rodin statuary, pigs, breadfruit and warring native chiefs. Nothing daunted Fanny. Stumping round barefoot in a blue native *holaku* she planted globe artichokes (which perished) and asparagus (which grew like a bush); cast out bad spirits by mild deceptions; egged on the Samoan wives of Europeans to wear their own dress; and when a British warship lay in the bay, kept open house for officers and men. "Can make anything from a house to a row" Stevenson described her to Barrie, and these years can be read as one long row with authority. There is a great deal about island politics in the diary, and on most issues the Stevensons were highly critical of the officials administering the three-power condominium. Fanny was anti-missionary, anti-imperialist, with no racial feeling, and her sympathies were with the underdog anyway, whatever his colour: she was furious when Louis's mother, who had imported her Sabbatarianism and her Edinburgh class distinctions, complained that they would "lose their social status" by quarrelling with the government. Indeed, the friction between the two Mrs. Stevensons produces several fine bangs:

> A fight about prayers is really enough to bring a cynical smile to the lips of a bishop. Mrs. S. says she will not be left to pray with only servants. I am afraid that distinction is not made in other quarters. I see again she dislikes the life here which we find so enchanting and is disappointed and soured that she is not able to persuade us to throw it all up and go to the colonies.

There is friction with Louis, too—he would madden her by a fit of ultra-Britishness, or by suddenly deciding to preach in the Sunday school—but it is mostly of the gritty, speak-your-mind-and-have-it-out order often found in marriages that work well. One remark does rankle: "Louis says I have the soul of a peasant." It rankles because after all she had written books and stories, she had painted in Paris, she was a New Woman. But there is a good deal of the peasant in the diary, as she works herself to the bone on her own land. Only a woman of enormous character would have gone pioneering to the South Seas at all; perhaps only a woman with a strong streak of the peasant could have created the Pacific home which gave the writer those four years of miraculously healthy life when his powers were at their height.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Jocund His Muse

Poetical Works of Robert Herrick. Edited by L. C. MARTIN. *Oxford.* 63*s.*

If ever a comprehensive history of English literary reputations comes to be written, one of its more unaccountable pages will concern the fortunes of Herrick's one book *Hesperides* (with *His Noble Numbers*). The only period of the poet's life when he was thought highly of were the 1620s when he was thirty years old or so. Many of his poems circulated among the wits of Ben Jonson's London, and some were printed in miscellanies. In 1629 he forswore the company of cits and wits and, like one of Mr. Waley's Chinese court poets, was exiled to a remote and barbarous region. At Dean Prior, in rudest Devon, he pursued the two callings of poet and priest—a royalist in politics, an Anglican in religion, and a classic in literature. His metropolitan fame probably waned as his local fame increased, and it is recorded that verses of his were known by oral tradition in Devonshire as late as 1809. In 1647 he shared the ruin of the Royalist cause and was ejected from his living. In the following year appeared his poems, still-born. "The hue was not the wear." After the failure of his cause and of his book, he is not known ever to have written another poem. He returned to Dean Prior in 1662, where twelve years later he died. He did not marry. Those are virtually all the material facts so far discovered about Herrick's life.

His work remained in eclipse until 1810, when a bowdlerised edition of *Hesperides* appeared. In 1823, despite the disapproval of Laureate Southey, *Hesperides* was reprinted in its entirety. Thereafter admiration rocketed, and the praises of poets and critics, notably Elizabeth Barrett, Swinburne, Gosse and Grosart, were unbounded. As a lyrist he was considered second only to Shakespeare. "In the twentieth century," according to his latest editor, "Herrick has been appreciated with less rapture and more discrimination." I am not so sure. Humbert Wolfe, editing a selection in 1926, was decidedly more rapturous than discriminating. In general, the situation is that, where he has not fallen into something like the old neglect, he has not been fully understood.

The cause of the misunderstanding seems to lie in a fate which is apt to befall any writer of a large number of brief, detached pieces: they are all too easily anthologised. Anthologies reprint the pieces which accord with the taste of their times, and are peculiarly susceptible to in-breeding. Thus everybody knows the pieces in Palgrave, while few have any picture of Herrick's work as a whole. Jewels and silks, dewdrops and daffodils, young love and roses, play, it is true, a part in Herrick's world; but they are far from being the whole of it. This world is above all a complete and ordered one. Birth, play, courtship, marriage, duty to God and the King—all these have their place; nature is a purposive system connected with humanity through the Ovidian metamorphoses; the poet exists to set forth and celebrate every aspect of the cosmos. But the poet is human, and must therefore express his annoyance with coarse or commonplace neighbours, his love of wine and good company, his sensuality, his content with simple things, and his assurance of poetic immortality. Perhaps because he realised the apparently fragmentary nature of his work, even though he could not foresee the effects of the anthologies, Herrick set forth in the opening poems the purpose and scope of his book.

It is a long book—there are 1,400 poems in it—and no one will ever sit down and read it from the opening "I sing of *Brooks*" to the last, oddly equivocal line, "*Jocond his Muse was; but his Life was chast.*" Yet the *Hesperides* is worth studying, if not in its entirety, at least as a coherent sequence, if only because its author was one of the last fully articulate inheritors of the Elizabethan world-picture. He made sense of life as he knew it, even though history made nonsense of his view.

The new Clarendon Press edition is superb, and supersedes, if it scarcely surpasses, the 1915 edition of Dr. F. W. Moorman. Professor Martin has added a useful introduction, a learned textual commentary and a number of poems not hitherto ascribed to Herrick. Some of the ascriptions seem to me very dubious. The volume is fully indexed, and the style and layout are splendid.

JAMES REEVES

'Be British'

Cyprus Challenge. By PERCY ARNOLD. *Hogarth Press.* 21*s.*

Mr. Arnold, a highly intelligent and scrupulously fair-minded Englishman, was sent out to Cyprus during the war as editor of the *Cyprus Post*, an English daily owned by the British Council. His only instructions from the Colonial Office were: "Be British." In attempting to follow them, in trying to make his newspaper conform to the best British standards of objectivity, decency and respect for truth, he came into headlong and permanent conflict with the authorities. His plain and dispassionate account of his experiences is, in consequence, a searing indictment of our rule in Cyprus.

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carefully fostered by the Government and Colonial Office—that the repressive measures we are employing against the Cypriots are merely an inevitable response to terrorism. This, as Mr. Arnold shows, is totally mistaken. Ever since 1931, when rioters burnt down Government House and the Governor suspended the constitution, Cyprus has been ruled on strictly totalitarian lines. Throughout the Thirties and Forties, successive governors enacted a bewildering series of anti-democratic laws designed to probe into every corner of the Cypriots' lives, both public and private. The press was censored, all meetings and processions prohibited. To shout an Enosis slogan or display a Greek flag was a serious crime. Priests could not ring their church bells without permission, and teachers were forbidden to hang pictures of Homer or Pericles in their classrooms. It was illegal to make a trunk call. There were systematic attempts to destroy the Cypriot trade unions and—even more bitterly resented—to control the administration of the Orthodox Church. The campaign to smash Cypriot resistance was blind, brutal, stupid and, above all, petty. Of all the governors, the man most hated was Sir Richmond Palmer—*palmerian* is a term of abuse in Cyprus—but the government nevertheless named one of the streets in Limassol after him; and when, after the war, the Limassol municipal council attempted to rename the street, the District Commissioner dissolved the council.

Twenty-five years of this sort of thing prepared the way for the final explosion. The basic trouble is that Britain's blunt refusal to allow the Cypriots even to discuss Enosis has warped the nature of our administration which, under other circumstances, might have been fair and enlightened. Officials whose records in other colonies were honourable and distinguished found themselves participating in furtive and dishonest actions. The whole meaning and purpose of Britain's imperial mission was slowly poisoned. The Cyprus Government celebrated the victory over Nazi tyranny in Europe by arresting 17 trade union officials and enacting a law punishing anyone found in possession of weapons belonging to the Armed Forces to life imprisonment. Nor did the coming of the Labour Government change things: indeed, it led to perhaps the most shameful incident of all. In October, 1945, the Cyprus Regiment, formed of men who had volunteered to fight Germany, was told that, far from being demobilised, they were to be sent to Palestine to hold down the Israelis. When they demonstrated—unarmed—Indian troops were told to open fire. One Cypriot was killed, four wounded. Thus one subject nation was used to force a second into coercing yet a third: a rare, perhaps unique, refinement of colonialism. Eventually, following protests, the Governor reluctantly ordered an inquiry. Its findings were promptly and irrevocably suppressed.

In face of these facts, must we be surprised that the Cypriots hate us? Can we still persuade ourselves that we remain in the island for the benefit of its inhabitants? That they would be worse off under the Greeks? That our occupation, in short, is a duty? To all the exponents of these sophistries I recommend this book. Mr. Lennox-Boyd should read it before he next lectures the House on "maintaining law and order." Sir John Harding should read it before signing yet another order for the judicial murder of a young Cypriot. Most of all, it should be read by Sir Anthony Eden, the man who lacked the courage to impose a realistic policy on his more atavistic followers. If the horrors for which he is personally responsible make it difficult for him to sleep at night, *Cyprus Challenge* will provide him with appropriate bedside reading.

PAUL JOHNSON

Police by the Right

The Rise of Scotland Yard. By DOUGLAS G. BROWNE. *Harrap.* 25*s.*

This is not quite the book that Ralph Straus was writing at the time of his death, though Mr. Browne, who then took up the task, has "endeavoured throughout" (he explains in his preface) "to hold fast to Ralph's original design." The fact that both writers were given many facilities at Scotland Yard is evident in various ways; and the comparative absence of critical observation should have made it easy, one would think, for the Commissioner or the Home Secretary to give it the blessing due to "A History of the Metropolitan Police" (its own sub-title), in which so much official interest has obviously been taken, by writing a commendatory foreword. But it goes forth unblessed.

The historical accuracy of the early part, from the 1790s to 1850 (the point reached by Straus) may nevertheless be assumed, not merely because these early events are fossilised in the official records and "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" but because of Straus's great industry, to which Mr. Browne pays tribute, in the amassing of books and memoranda. But although this is a long book, and well worth its seemingly stiff price, the amount of compression in it has sometimes resulted in the begging of large questions and the telescoping of facts in a way that almost robs them of meaning. In the making of it, however, the Scotland Yard files have been ransacked as much in the pursuit of valuable sociological trivia as in the more usual kind of hunt for new slants on murderers; and thus you can learn from it that policemen first wore armlets in 1829, that they made their first "baton charge" on Lord Mayor's Day, 1830, that Bow Street Police Station is without a blue lamp because Queen Victoria, jealous for the new Opera House, ordered it to be taken down, and that whereas very serious thought was given in 1833 to the question whether the police should ever wear uniforms at all, even greater misgivings beset the decision, thirty years later, that they should sometimes take them off. And only a study of official files could produce this list of civilian claims for compensation arising out of the first affray, at Tottenham in 1909, with the "Russian nihilists" who were then introducing the automatic pistol and the art of political robbery to this country:

> Some of the claims verged on the ludicrous, ranging from compensation for nervous breakdown to 12*s.* 6*d.* for a new pair of trousers and 3*s.* 9*d.* for damage to a bicycle. The blood of poor Constable Tyler had ruined a carpet, and another claimant had merely been frightened. Daisy May . . . had cause to complain of shock, and J. Longden and J. Armstrong did not wish to be recompensed for their services but expressed the modest hope that the Commissioner would recognise these in writing.

I like my history to have the perspective, the light and shade, that can only be had when the historian takes up a position to work from. I want no fluorescent lights destroying the shadows that mark the deeds of men. Mr. Browne's position is one where Colonel Blimp himself might feel inclined to edge a little to the left, but I make no complaint about that. True, I think him impossibly jaundiced in his insolent references to Hyndman, John Burns, "the windbags of the Social Democratic Federation," and the great Liberal Government of 1906 as "a collection of busybodies, ideologues, and plain cranks." He dismisses the famous case of Inspector Syme as "a routine disciplinary measure noisily exploited as an instance of gross injustice," making no reference to the large sum of money with which the Government, after many years of evasion, finally acknowledged and in part atoned for that admittedly troublesome policeman's sufferings. Moreover, in this part of his book he makes a revealingly unfair attack upon John Kempster, the then editor of the *Police Review*, an earnest, Christian, socially compassionate man who had worked ceaselessly for better police conditions and did more than anyone to get them their "weekly rest day" in 1913. (Kempster's offence, it seems, was to enlist Winston Churchill's sympathy on behalf of Syme.) Coming to 1924, he says that the Labour Government was defeated by the "timely publication" of the Zinovieff letter, and a few years later finds that "only a small vocal element" (!) in the Metropolitan Police was against the Trenchard College scheme (you can almost name the people he has been talking to, the books he has been reading).

Good old biased history, in other words. But salty, readable, flowing—and alive on every page. It made me angry and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

C. H. ROLPH

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DOUGLAS HYDE

THE MIND BEHIND NEW CHINA

The author of this study of the nature and significance of Mao Tse-Tung's China was a top-ranking member of the British Communist party and a member of the staff of *The Daily Worker* until 1948 when he became a Roman Catholic. His autobiography *I Believed* is one of the most famous political books of the post-war period. He writes *The Mind Behind New China*, in which he again reveals his deep understanding of the Marxist mind, after a long visit to the Far East. *The Mind Behind New China* is the latest in the well-known series of 'Background Books' which deal authoritatively with world affairs.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,371

Set by L. Clarendon

Competitors are asked to compose not more than 14 lines of verse, in whatever form they wish, on the subject of Wimbledon, including the line, "The Centre Court is quite another thing." Entries by June 19.

Result of No. 1,368

Set by Allan M. Laing

Poetic dithyrambs on wine, tobacco and food are legion, but has anyone ever celebrated in verse the innocent delights of ice-cream? To remedy this omission—if it is one—competitors are asked to submit not more than fourteen lines of English verse on this theme.

Report

Is ice-cream a food or merely one of those pleasant Swallows that make a Summer? Who knows? But I expected it to prove at least a stimulant to luscious, mouth-watering verse. I was not wholly disappointed; but there were too many competitors who might have written (but with more truth) A. M. Sayers's couplet:

Ah me! How ill equipped I am
To write an ice-cream dithyramb!

Still, quite a number made a valiant attempt towards

Annihilating all that's made
To an iced thought in a cream shade—

to quote Guy Hadley; and there were not a few felicitous phrases such as Vera Telfer's

The cornet that was Greece
Or the Sandwich that was Rome.

An amusing pictorial entry entitled "Mouth-Water Music for Two Cornets" came from Gloria Prince and a clever parody of Tennyson from E. B. C. Jones. Vera Cheverton, too, might have been in the prize list, but I could not stomach the cockney rhyme of "farce" with "brass." Apart from these, the runners-up were J. Riall, Leslie Johnson, A. M. P. Hilary L. G. Udall, Lorna Davis, E. W. Fordham and Eileen Haggitt. A guinea each for those printed below.

Kind ministrant to fevered lip and tongue,
Bringing relief from realms of ice and snow,
Modest, pale-featured nymph, by bards unsung,
Whose touch yet thrills, whose cold kiss charms us so!
Who has not seen you, in the sultry days
When raging Sirius bears the spirit down,
Coming—cool presence—through hot country ways,
Stopping to bless the parched and panting town?
Then, your white-fingered bounty knows no stint:
Then, ardent youth round your triumphal car
Sues for your flavours—chocolate, strawberry, mint,
Vanilla—and proclaims how sweet they are.
Melt not, chaste nymph! the frigider your kiss
The more we burn to taste its cooling bliss.

G. J. BLUNDELL

Pale, wafered, sweetness, cold and pure,
Cool salve to life's discomfiture!
This healing kiss, this chaste allure
Must tempt bright saints in the Azure
From thin ambrosial liqueur
To share such Treat of Gods, for sure . . .

Then grant, O Heavenly Epicure,
That when Thy Sundae bell is rung
Thy "Come and get it" challenge flung,
I too may humbly queue among
The eager angels, old and young,—
Our sleeves rolled up, our harps unstrung:
And when our joyful grace is sung
May I, with all the rest, give tongue!

P. M.

Let none imagine that I am a species of gold-digger
when I state that my price is
Ices;
They are so infinitely preferable to, say, hot dogs,
My objections to which include that, as well as not
being ices, they are simply not dogs.
Oh, let us praise Italy and Italians, who are such
craftsmen with cream and refrigerator,
Barring Mussolini, of course, who preferred being
a dictator.
As far as I am concerned, ices can be flavoured with
orange or butterscotch or banana or sarsaparilla,
Or just plain vanilla;
While I would gladly spend the entire contents of my
wallet on
Those containing cherries, or the multi-flavoured
Neapalleton;
They can be a simple wafer or cornet,
Or parfaits or Knickerbocker Glories or something
even more ornet;
So long as they are frappé,
I'm happé.

D. R. PEDDY

Thou gustatory absolute of good,
As pure and transient as virgin dream,
Wherein are heavenly ice, earth's subtle cream
Apotheosised, the ultimate in food.
Perfection unessential, pure, intense,
Not savoured, but experienced by sense
Sharpened to apprehend ambrosial bliss.
Yet, being mortal-made, your doom is this—
No sooner touched than exquisitely spent.
As when Prunella's chaste virginity
Merges with transport in my ecstasy!

RHODA TUCK POOK

Hurrah for ice-cream! the juvenile's dream
And the epicure's favourite dish:
It has glacial charm and can do you no harm,
You may swallow as much as you wish.
Habitual smoking is cancer provoking,
Alcohol brings on cirrhosis;
Alone of the vices, addiction to ices
Breeds neither pain nor neurosis.
So joyously sup the delectable cup
And gnaw at the crystalline brick.
Uninhibited, savour the tongue-chilling flavour
Of every ambrosial lick!

P. NICHOLSON

City Lights

The Chancellor Speaks

Stock markets have had a nasty qualm or two in the past week. The upset began last Friday afternoon in a flurry of mixed anxiety about the labour situation and the state of sterling. The gilt-edged market, already unsettled by the virtual failure of the Bristol issue, weakened further when the Treasury bill rate rose above 5 per cent. again. Industrials, particularly the popular blue-chips, dropped sharply. A good deal of this selling of Equities seems to have been speculative: when it dried up at the beginning of this week and a few bears began to buy back cheaply, prices steadied.

Sterling has remained under considerable pressure from the Continent. With the balance of payments position now rather better than it was (though it is difficult to tell what influence the trade of the Commonwealth countries is having on exchange rates) most of this selling must be speculative. The scope for speculation is now much smaller than it was a year ago, but it is quite large enough to cause trouble while the economic balance remains so delicately poised. If Mr. Macmillan's speeches are designed to test the feeling of the Exchanges, they seem an expensive way of doing it. As a result of sterling's recent weakness, the gold reserve rose very much less in May than might have been hoped. It rose in fact by $41m—but $3m of this came from American aid and $29m from an EPU surplus earned in

Company Meeting

"SHELL" TRANSPORT & TRADING

LORD GODBER'S SPEECH

The annual general meeting of The "Shell" Transport and Trading Co., Ltd., was held on Wednesday, 30th May, in London.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Godber, chairman of the company, in the course of his speech, said:—

I am able on this occasion to continue the practice, which I began last year, of opening my comments at the Annual General Meeting with an announcement of the results of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group for the first quarter of 1956. For this period there was a net income of £40.7 million, after the deduction of estimated taxation for the period, and this compares with £34.1 million in the corresponding period last year.

These results continue in a satisfactory way the marked improvement in net income which occurred during the third and fourth quarters of last year. I cannot, of course, at this early stage make a firm forecast of what will happen for the remainder of the year, but there is every reason to hope that the progress of the recent past will continue.

NEW CAPITAL ISSUE

As has already been announced in the Press, our application to the Capital Issues Committee to capitalize £16,354,408 of the Company's reserves and retained earnings has been approved. Notices of an Extraordinary General Meeting to be held on July 10th will be given next month, and at that meeting a proposal will be made to increase the capital of the Company to £113,000,000, by the creation of 25,000,000 new ordinary shares, and to capitalize the sum of £14,857,703 standing to the credit of Capital Reserve (Share Premiums), together with £1,496,705 of Retained Earnings. If the resolution is carried, allotment letters for one new share for every four held on the record date will be posted to ordinary stockholders on July 17th. Thereafter the issued ordinary capital of the Company will stand at 81,772,043 one pound units, held, at a conservative estimate, by more than 200,000 beneficial owners, mainly resident in the United Kingdom, the Republic of Ireland and France, and to a small extent in the United States.

The new shares, when issued, will participate in all dividends to be paid in respect of the year 1956. It is not necessary for me to stress again that their issue does not imply an ability to distribute by way of dividends more than would otherwise have been the case; but, as was stated in our press release last month, it is hoped, subject to conditions ruling at the time, to be able to maintain the dividend rate of 3/- per share on the new capital in the coming year.

WORLD-WIDE OPERATIONS

I would like to say a few words here about the world-wide nature of the operation of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group of Companies. Last year I pointed out that our income was spread over a large number of countries; it may be of interest to you that the accounts of over 200 companies are included in the Group's Statement of Income, and in addition there are 300 other non-consolidated companies with which we are associated. They include some 150 engaged in production, transportation, or manufacturing, while nearly 200 are concerned with the marketing of oil products. A further 150 are engaged in various other activities, such as research, storage and the ownership of property.

Their operations cover some 140 different national or dependent territories. They pay taxes to 100 separate fiscal authorities in these territories. They use over 50 different currencies in their transactions and a host of languages in the preparation of their accounts and other documents.

The size of the funds required to operate on this scale is indicated in the financial statements of the Group, and the amount of oil and its products handled is shown in the Survey of Activities, with which you will already be familiar. It is thus in the light of these multifarious operations and the capital required to carry them out that the income of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group should be viewed.

So far as the United Kingdom is concerned, our trade in this market accounts for less than 7% of the volume of the Group's total world-wide trade in oil and its products.

The report and accounts were adopted.

April: the residual gain was a mere $9m. Another smaller EPU surplus was earned to carry forward into the June results. It will be needed if Mr. Macmillan intends to go on making speeches.

* * *

House mortgages are becoming increasingly difficult to get, and rates are edging steadily up as the high return available from other forms of investment squeezes building society funds. Earnest discussions are going on inside the movement, but there are a number of forces at work. There is the question, for example, of whether the Halifax is to remain the largest of the societies—a dispute which came into the open last week when its general manager resigned. The Halifax has a special position: in Yorkshire it acts very much as a savings bank, and can afford better than its competitors to ignore fluctuations in interest rates. Relying on its position, and believing that it has reached its optimum size, it has done very little to prevent its main rivals—the Woolwich and the Abbey National—from creeping up on it.

Another strand in the pattern is provided by the large number of new societies which have recently come into existence. It is quite easy, by paying compensation to the board, to buy up a respectable moribund society and to begin at once advertising for deposits from the public. The recent increase in this practice produced by the credit squeeze is in some ways analogous to the mushrooming of new hire-purchase finance houses. The new societies, for the most part, have less compunction than the older ones in pushing up interest rates.

Underneath all this runs the feeling that the whole function of the building society movement is changing. The recent rise in interest rates throws up the mutuality principle on which the movement is based: borrowers as well as shareholders are members of the societies, and it seems hardly fair to charge a young couple 10s.-£1 a week more for the next 20 years because interest rates are temporarily high. But money is short and demand for mortgages is higher than ever.

But the societies are worried about themselves as well as about their members. Shareholdings are small (there is a legal limit) and profits do not enter in. Since the war, a seller's market and fixed interest-rates have allowed them to live comfortably. It begins to look as if their comfort will soon be disturbed. TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 343. The Master and His Sucker

"Listen," said one of his regular Rook-odds suckers to Horowitz, "I want to play you for a stake of $10; moreover, I'll pay you $1 whenever you take back a move I don't like and, instead, make the one suggested by me." "That may well be suicidal," said the cautious master, but he was soon reassured that, after all, he needn't accept the dollar whenever he disliked the suggested move. "Fair enough," said Horowitz, put up his pieces (minus his QR) and opened (1) P-Q4. Black countered (1) . . . Kt-KB3 and when the master proceeded (2) P-K3 the sucker forked out a dollar. "I wish you'd play (2) Kt-Q2 instead," he said; "it was Capablanca's favourite move, don't you know, and I am rather used to it." Horowitz gladly obliged and pocketed the dollar, whereupon Black continued (2) . . . P-K4, and the master shrewdly reasoned that, since the fellow evidently wanted the P to be taken he might as well be made to pay for it. Hence White played (3) P-K3 and, sure enough, he got another dollar for retreating his KP once again and taking the P instead. Black continued (3) . . . Kt-Kt5, and when White made the obvious (4) Kt-KB3 he was offered yet another dollar for playing P-KR3 instead. "Why not?" he thought, "the fellow just wants his P back," but he got quite a shock when (4) . . . Kt-K6 cost him his Q. This—a game, incidentally, actually played by Lazard in Paris many years ago—is one of a good many little jokes and anecdotes to be found in Horowitz's and Reinfeld's *Chess traps, pitfalls and swindles* (published by *Arco* at 18*s.*), a most amusing book, full of "gimmicks" and counter-gimmicks; of brilliant combinations and hair-raising swindles; and of very thrilling positions, real or concocted ones. Here is one such position in which Black, being two pawns and the exchange down and evidently doomed to lose a Kt, seems in a bad enough way; but low and behold, he plays (1) . . . Kt-Kt5, and all of a sudden there seems to be no way for White to escape immediate disaster. But there is, there's just one move, and a very spectacular one too: (2) Q-Kt8ch!! Obviously, the Q is taboo for the K as well as the R, but what if the Black K simply walks out to his Kt3? Why, R-QB6 ch looks promising enough, but alas, it isn't; for the Black K would just march on to the 4th rank, and if he were checked again the KtP would intervene and make Black actually the winner. Hence, White must be quite content with the perpetual check available to his Q at e6 and g8.

A: I. A. Horowitz 1951

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black, by means of (1) . . . Q x B ch; (2) Q x Q, R-R6 imagined to be forcing the issue in the simplest possible way. How was he disillusioned? **B**—White to draw—is a witty little study and should be easy enough for 6 ladder-points; and so should **C** for 7. It is a win for White and quite a beauty too.

B: K. Rungquist 1954

C: Herbstmann & Korolkov 1950

Usual prizes. Entries by June 18.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 340. Set May 19

A: (1) P-Q4, P-Q4. (2) Q-Q3, Q-Q3. (3) Q-KR3, Q-KR3. (4) Q x B mate.

B: (1) Q-QB2, P-K6. (2) Kt-Q3 ch, followed by (3) Kt-B5 ch etc. if (1) . . . P-B6; (2) Q-R2 ch, followed by (3) Q-R5 ch etc. if (1) . . . P-Q6; (2) Q-B3 ch, followed by (3) Q-QR5 ch etc.

C: (1) Kt-KR3, P-KKt4. (2) Kt x P, Kt-KB3. (3) Kt x RP, Kt-R4. (4) Kt x B, Kt-B5. (5) Kt x P, Kt-R6. (6) Kt x Kt, P-R3. (7) Kt x P, P-KB4. (8) Kt x P ch, K-B2. (9) Kt x R, P-Kt3. (10) Kt x P, Q-Q4. (11) Kt x B, R-R5. (12) Kt x P, K-Kt2. (13) Kt x P ch, K-Kt1. (14) Kt x R, Q-B6. (15) Kt x Q, Kt-Kt8. (16) Kt x Kt, K-R1.

D: (1) P-B8 = Q ch, K-Kt3 (best). (2) P = R ch, K-R2 (best) (3) R-R8 ch, (4) R-R6 ch. (5) Q-B6 ch. (6) R-R4 ch. (7) Q-B4 ch. (8) R-R2 ch. (9) Q-Kt3 ch. (10) R-B2 ch. (11) Q-K3ch. (12) R-Q2 ch. (13) Q-B3 ch. (14) R-Kt2 ch. (15) R-Kt7 ch. (16) Q-B4 ch. (17) Q-R6 ch. (18) K-Q4, K-R7. (19) K-B3, K-R8. (20) K-B2, K-R7. (21) R-Kt1!. (22) R-Kt2. (23) P-B6. (24) P-B7. (25) P = Kt! (26) Kt-K7. (27) Kt-B5, K-R6. (28)K-Kt1. (29) K-R1. (30) Q-Q6 ch! (31) R-Kt4 ch. (32) R-K4 ch. (33) Q-Kt3 ch. (34) Kt-Q4 ch, K-Q8(B8) (best). (35) R-K1 ch. (36) R-K2 ch, K-Q8! (37) Q-Q3 ch. (38) Q-K3 ch. (39) R-Q2 ch. (40) R-QR2 ch. (41) Q-K2 ch. (42) Kt-Kt3 ch, Kt x Kt mate.

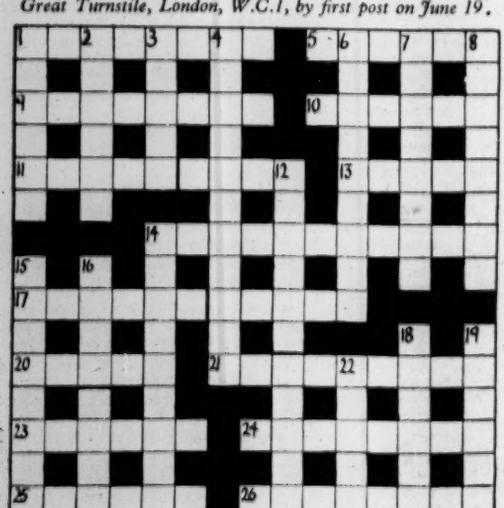
E: (1) P-Q7, R-Q8. (2) Kt-B5 ch, K-R4. (3) Kt-B6 ch, K-Kt4. (4) Kt-Q6! etc.
if (3) . . K-Kt3; (4) Kt-Q5! etc.
if (2) . . . K-R6; (3) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-R7. (4) Kt-Q4! etc.

F: (1) R-R6, K-Kt2. (2) Kt-Kt5!, R x P. (3) R-R7 ch, K-Kt3. (4) Kt-K4, P-B4. (5) R-R5! R-Q5. (6) Kt-Kt3, P-B5. (7) R-R4, K-Kt4. (8) P-B3! (thr.: R-Kt4 ch), K x R. (9) Kt-B5 ch, K-R6. (10) Kt x R, K-Kt7. (11) K-Kt3, K-B7. (12) K x P, K-K8. (13) K-B3 etc.

A beanfeast for the points-garnerers, quite a few getting all (or nearly all) the 45. Alternative methods for **A** and **C** get full marks. Prizes shared by A. J. Bamford, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. C. Cock, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 202

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 202, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 19.



ACROSS

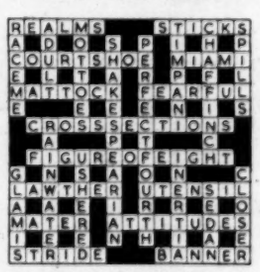
1. For mental exhaustion hit the schoolboy over the head (8).
5. The Commander-in-Chief has a weapon with the centre piece missing (6).
9. Half-face conversation (8).
10. The liquor for boys, according to Johnson (6).
11. Part of the eye with the iris is a sign of submission (5, 4).
13. Train part of the train (5).
14. For a politician adders are fatal (11).
17. Grim forecast from a grammatical term? (6, 5).
20. Boredom is among the forgotten nuisances (5).
21. Colour for the wise and the unwise (9).
23. Make the sailor reach his mark (6).
24. Inclination to write a song (8).
25. Plough a bird (6).
26. Prowlers discover persons with nothing concealed (8).

DOWN

1. Waters an extra vegetable climbing (6).
2. The oriental in a Trollope character (6).
3. "Like ——, all tears" (*Hamlet*) (5).
4. Liberal cavemen? (11).
6. Alfred caught in a hurry coloured (9).
7. Haphazard creaming of language (8).
8. Crazy inferno, but it may contain a concise explanation (8).
12. Some get married here, but it may make the nagger enter (6, 5).
14. Sally embracing a member—how divine! (9).
15. Moved, but insincere (8).
16. Short cut for the public school product (4, 4).
18. Tom East, the witches' protector (6).
19. Gets together for refined evenings, by the sound of it (6).
22. The lizard is nothing more than a gull (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 200



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 200

C. Broadbent (Epsom), J. A. S. Carter (Putney, S.W.15), L. Allen (Derby).

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Birmingham will award a number of scholarships to graduates or to those who are graduating this summer for research in the field of Commerce and the Social Sciences, leading to higher degrees. Applications should be made before June 15, 1956, to Dean of Faculty of Commerce & Social Science, University, Birmingham 15, from whom further partics. obtainable.

SCHOLARSHIPS for Labour Women. Applications are invited from women members of the Labour Party for scholarships covering a year's residential course at Hillcroft College. General non-vocational studies for those who missed their chances in education and wish to continue their studies, for personal satisfaction or as an opening to a new career. Particulars from: Secretary (NS) Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

THREE Junior Scholarships offered by Little Abbey School, Newbury, value £50 p.a. each, to boys under 9 on July 1 who are not already attending a similar prep. boarding school. Exam and interview July 6. Full fees £70 per term. Lovely country surroundings. Particulars: Headmaster.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

MOORLAND School, the Day and Boarding School in the heart of the Ribble Valley, nr. Clitheroe, Lancashire. Girls, ages 4-13, prepared for the Grammar Schools, Girls' Public Schools and Progressive Private Schools. Boys, pre-preparatory to 9 years of age. Special attention given to health. Children welcome during holidays. Illustrated prospectus from the Principals: Brian P. Kermode, B.A.Hons. (Cantab.), Shirley M. Kermode. Recognised by the Ministry of Education. Telephone: Clitheroe 3.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-educational, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38-40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educ. for Gen. Cert. of Education & the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

WHITTON Dene House (Twickenham-Isleworth area). Nursery-Infant School (3-8 yrs.). Recog. by Froebel Foundation & Min. of Educ. Open-air life in acre garden & orchard. Buses 33 & 203. HOU. 4430.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

SALCOMBE. The beauty spot of South Devon; safe bathing, golden sands, yachting, fishing and incomparable cliff walks. Visit Grafton Towers, a haven of peace and beauty, just the right size for individual attention. Only a few minutes' walk from North or South Sands. Magnificent sea views from house and garden. Excellent food. Terms 7½gns. to 10gns. Still a few vacancies. Mrs. Edwards. 'Phone: Salcombe 282.)

PEMBROKESHIRE. Holiday accom., comfort, highly rec., own boat, lobster fishing etc. Vacs. June-July 14 & from Sept. 8. Mod. terms. Thomas, Alandale, St. Davids.

FOR the country-lover. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers comfortable accommodation for restful holidays with good food and pleasant company. Ideal for walking, cycling, sketching.

LOOK ycunger—be happy! 7-day regime: relaxation technique, diets, massage, remedial baths & a sylvan retreat. Illus. folder: Vernon Symonds, The Brooklands, Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

RETREAT for writer or artist in N. Wales mountain cottage. V. clean. Plain ckg. Long periods only at mod. charge. Box 5155.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front, gdns., putting green, garages. Superlative food. Summer 9-11gns.

PAINTING holiday in unique circumstances. 9gns. weekly. Gd. food, gd. cellar. The Gallery in the Hills, Longformacus, Berwick.

KENWYN, 29, West Cromwell Road, Earls Court, S.W.5. Convenient all parts. B. & b. 16s. 6d. (30s. double). FRE. 1000.

BED & breakfast. Charming modern bungalow, foot of Downs, 5 miles Brighton. Garden. T.V. 4gns. weekly. Box 5150.

BED & excellent breakfast (on beach if you wish) in house at sea's edge. H. & c. 3½gns. East Cliff Cottage, Herne Bay.

SUSSEX, 12m. Eastbourne. Charm. guest hse., everything home-made. Vegetarians welc. Fr. 6gns. Whinrig, Horam. Tel. 211.

DO you seek a stay in attrac. cottage with gdn., lovely walks, continental food? You find it 40 mls. Lond. 7½gns. p.w. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CORNISH Riviera (Central). In lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea; modern comfort, notable food in Georgian Manor. Own woods. Fishing. Boating. Games Room. Peaceful, unspoilt beauty. Brochure S, Penquite House Hotel, Golant, Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

SWANAGE, Vegetarian Guest Hse. O'lkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Road. Tel. 2804.

SUSSEX. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham. Historic 16th-century guest house, fully modernised. Good food, large restful gdn., beautiful rural surroundings. Coolham 241.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere. From 8½gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

BLENCATHRA Guest Hse., Kingsdown, nr. Deal, Kent. (R.A.C. approved). Own grds., o'lkg. golf crse., sea. Gd. food. Own poultry. V. comf. 7-8gns. Kingsdown 225.

INEXPENSIVE Family Holiday at Westbrook House, Teignmouth, S. Devon. Close to the sea. A do-as-you-please holiday; do what you like, when you like. Ample cooking facilities for self-service. On main bus routes. Vacancies all months, terms to meet your pocket. Stamped addressed envelope to: Mr. Plath, Westbrook House, Westbrook Avenue, Teignmouth, S. Devon.

ISLE of Wight Guest House by the sea, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism, optional fresh water pool). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, child. welc. Broch. (stamp), Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.O.W.

BEACONSFIELD. Old Jordans Hostel. Quaker Guest Hse., h. & c. every bdrm., int. sprung mattresses. Gd. food in delightful setting. Hse. & gdn. are both peaceful.

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex. (Eastbourne line). Tel. Horam Rd. 52.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

MODERN Veget. Guest Hse. Children welc. All comforts. Bed & Bkfst. Full Board. Terms div. "Bon Sante," 23 Pinecliffe Ave., Southbourne, Bournemouth.

RYE, Simon the Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

NEAR Penzance, 2 mls. superb beach, lge. guest hse., children welc. Ye Olde Vicarage, St. Hilary, Penzance, Cornwall.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

BETWS-Y-COED dist., Lledr Valley, mountain sit.; old-world comf.; Cordon Bleu ckg. from £7 12s. 6d. Bwlch Bach Guest Hse., Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Tel. 220.

MAJORCA. Six paying guests taken in beautifully situated country house overlkg. sea in mountain village, off tourist tracks. Delightful walking & bathing, gd. cooking and serv., priv. bathrms. Engl. spoken. £1 a day incl. Write Daskal, Estellenchs, Mallorca.

CAPRI. An Italian family in the mountain village of Anacapri provide the best local wine, best local food and a very inexpensive pension in an inn with magnificent views of the island, only 10 mins. by bus down to the Piazza of Capri. Among those who recommend the inn are Mr. Peter Glenville, Mr. Graham Greene, and Mr. Cavalcanti. Address: Aniello Mariniello, Osteria-Locanda Aniello, Anacapri, Capri.

"IF you are really particular how you eat, spend 5s. on 'The Good Food Guide,' published by Cassell."—Picture Post. Members of the Good Food Club recommend about 700 restaurants and hotels in Great Britain where you can rely on good food at a reasonable price. "Doing an excellent job."—New Statesman. Current edition 1955/56 from all booksellers, 5s.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner opt. Moderate.

TO let furnished: charming sunny bedroom, lovely river view. Gas fire, ring, use bath, kitchenette, linen. 2½gns. p.w. Business woman preferred. Apply RIC. 0973.

FLATLET, most attractive, newly decorated & furnished, s/c. HIT. 3564.

TO let, July 28-Sept. 10. Putney hse., large gdn., 4 bed., 3 rec., kit., etc., tennis ct. Whole or part. Daily help if reqd. Reas. rent to reliable tenants. Box 5062.

SAVE hotel worries. Lovely mod. dbl. div. rm. (furn. Harrods), both adj., tel., almost s/c, offd. w. serv. & light bkfst. if reqd. to prof. man/woman./couple. 1-4 nights wkly. (monthly basis) for £1-£3 wkly. Sole use accom. Best part St. John's Wood. Box 4793.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

ARCHITECT'S beautifully furnished Westminster flat to let from June 16-30. 8 gns. p.w. Sleep 3. Refs. essen. Box 5190.

HAMPSTEAD Hth. Fam. hse. to let Aug. 1 6 wks. Gdn., gar. Slp. 8. Box 5088.

LARGE dbl. furn. divan-room, k/ette., both newly dec., close bus & tube. 3½gns. weekly, incl. light & cons. h.w. FIN. 0857.

LGE. attract. 1-room flatlet, Highgate Wds., beaut. equip. & furn. C.h.w., use frig. 47s. 6d. wkly. MOU. 5196 after 6.

WONDERFUL opportunity for sharing whole house with another 3 girls. Own bedroom, run of rest of house, newly furnished, only 2 guineas weekly each. Business or prof. girls only, share with others abt. same age as myself, 23 years, N. London. MUS. 3152, Ext. 4, 9.30-5.30. Box 5156.

WELL-furn. b/s rm. overlooking garden in architect's home near Canonbury Tower. Elec. grill, h. & c., linen, cleaning, etc. Gas fire meter. 3gns. p.w. Box 5120.

S/C. furn. 3-room mansion flat, N.W. Lon. July 23-Aug. 17 incl. 7gns. Box 4874.

HAMPSTEAD flat available June 16-29. Sleep three plus child. Close Heath and buses. HAM. 5458.

HAMPSTEAD. Nr. Heath & Tube. Contemp. dec. single. Sunny, overlooks gdn. H. & c. Linen, elec., baths inc. £3 10s. Gas fire ext. From end June. Box 5303.

EAST Finchley. Newly dec. attractive B/S, h. & c., own elec. meter, linen provided. Univ. educ. landlords. TUD. 8425.

UNIVERSITY teacher's hse. in W.8 to let furn. 3-4 bedrms., 2 lge. livg.-rms., gdn. Avail. end July-mid-Sept., or shorter period. Low rent to careful tenant. Box 5270.

SMALL furn. flat to let 1 or 2 ladies July for few mths. Hampstead. Box 5236.

TO let, small s/c. furn. flat in historic house, W.1. All cons., 'phone. 8 gns. p.w. No service. Highest refs. Box 5187.

TO let, delightful, well-furnished studio-flat, W.1, for July & August. S/c., all cons. 10 gns. p.w. Box 5188.

LGE. B/sitt. o'lkg. gdn. Highbury. 3 months, £2 p.w. Brown. CAN. 3430.

DOCTOR'S hse., W.4. Furn. 2 bedrm., lge. nursery, linge din., study, kit., gdn., gar. 14.7.56 to 18.8.56. 6gns. Box 5085.

N.W.11. B/s. rm. for lady. £2 p.w. incl. heating, baths, linen. MEA. 3613.

FURN. flatlet to let, own geyser & stove. Crouch End. FITzroy 0773.

BED-sit., g. fire, use kit., drawing-rm., piano. N.W.5. Hayward, CHA. 7078.

FURN. bed-sit., priv. house Putney, 2gns. wk. incl. elec. Refs. Box 5201.

W. Kensington. Comf. div. b/s & kit'ette. for gentleman. £3 5s. FUL. 1062 aft. 6.

TINY furn. cottage, riverside bird sanctuary, upper Thames. Elec., sleep 2 max. Vacant July 14 to end September. Reduction long let. Bathing, boating, fishing. Box 5009.

CORNWALL. Furn. cott. Water, elec. Not Aug. Wiles, Streatham Hse., Newquay.

OXFORD. Pleas. hse., sleep 5. Aug. 25-Sept. 15. Some domes. help. Box 4875.

TO let, furn. hse. Cadgwith, C'wll., except Aug. Collins, Cadgwith, Helston, C'wll.

COTTAGE, secluded, 4 rms., furn., all facs., 20 mls. London, exchanged for London flat, 2-3 months. Box 5083.

DESIGN Phil. student (f) reqs. b/s., ckg. facs., reas. rent. M. Arch area. Quiet atmos. Marais, TER. 0139 before 8 p.m.

FURN. hse. wanted, 4 bedrms., July-Sept. Easy reach London. Refs. Box 5205.

QUIET single girl, over 30, wants room with use k. & b., accessible Willesden (W. Hampstead preferred). Box 5284.

ISLINGTON. Architect requires small flat. £4 p.w. Box 5081.

ARCHITECT reqs. large room, own water, Aug. onwards. Cent. London. Box 5021.

FAMILY with 3 very young children (not furniture wreckers) wish to rent house or grnd.-fl. flat w. gdn. dur. Aug. in N./N.W. London. Elkan, 72b Fellows Rd., N.W.3.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

WILTS.—1 mile Melksham, 5 miles Chippenham. To Let on Lease, unfurnished, original stone-built Tudor residence containing 4 reception and 5 bedrooms. Good domestic offices, main light, gas and water. Extensive outbuildings. Rent £220 p.a. A. W. Turner, 15 St. Mary St., Chippenham, Wilts.

CORNWALL (Lamorna) Studio-chalet for holidays June onwards. S.a.e. Box 5093.

£70 p.a. rent 3-bed., 2 recep. room flat in Channel Islands. £500 secures all furniture, Electrolux washing machine, etc., included. Long lease available. Free from Sept. 29. Box 4789.

WEST Dorset, simple cottage nr. Beaminster, vacant Sept. Sleep at least 5. Bradley, Highfield, Ringwood, Hants.

OVERSEAS family 3 adults, 2 children, settling U.K., require furn./semi/unfurn. house in Kent, within 1 hour London, from mid-September. Box 5239.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

VERY attractive house & garden, Hampstead Gdn. Suburb. Cent. htg.; rebuilt 1948. Lease 990 years. £5,800. Box 5042.

PROGRESSIVE framing and picture restoration business. Freehold. Mortgage available. Centre busy market town in Essex. Large area covered. Accountants' figures. S.a.v. £2,750 o.n.o. Also small town house near by. Rent furnished if required. Owner of both properties emigrating. Rowley, 9 Sir Isaacs Walk, Colchester, Essex.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of June "Plebs." "The Financing of Local Government," by Arthur Skeffington, M.P.; "Increased Output—The More the Merrier?" by John Bright; "Problems of Irish Trade Union Unity," by Andrew Boyd; "Funds and Faith—And Civic Films," by J. L. Williams; "Industrial Law VIII—Increases of Benefit," by W. L. Taylor, B.L., J.P.; "Questions About Inflation." Parts from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 7½d. or 7s. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"AFTER the Visit," by Quaestor; "No Automation Without Consultation," by Reg Birch; "New Times, New Measures," by R. Palme Dutt; "The Devil's Dilemma," by Ivor Montagu and "Constructive Co-existence," by Economista—all these appear in the June Labour Monthly. Order now, 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-yearly postal subscription from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

HISTORIC Houses & Castles open to the public, revised 1956 edition. Illus. Guide to over 300 Houses, Castles & Gardens. Opening times, admission charges, catering facilities & map. Companion volume, "Museums & Galleries," listing 650 collections with a comprehensive subject index. Each 3s. post free. Index Publishers, Ltd., 69 Victoria St., S.W.1.

FOR Sale: 12 volumes Punch 1863/70, 1872/3, 1877/8; 2 vol. Merry Drolleries, 1875; 20 vol. Poetical Works by Shakespeare and famous poets, 1853/8; 15 vol. Hazlitt's Selection of Old Plays, 1874/6. Can be viewed by appointment. Box 5166.

HUMAN beings read the new "Mankind"! Solly Sachs, Tom Mboya write for this month's "Africa Issue," 5d. p.f., 4s. p.a. R. Ogley, 29 Tubley Gr., Timperley, Ches.

I.F. STONE'S Weekly. This famous American liberal news letter is now avail. in Gt. Britain. An indispensable service for well-informed people. Available at 3gns. p.a. from Skyline Press, 2 Wilton Terr., S.W.1.

USE a Currency Convertor when visiting Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain or Switzerland. All prices in local currency per kilo, litre or metre, converted to £ s. d. per pound, gallon or yard. Send 2s. 9d. to O'Connell Clarke, 6 Sherwood Street, W.1.

ENGLISH Illustrated is the International Journal of Practical English. Read in over 60 countries. Send it to foreign friends with a limited vocabulary! 8s. p.a. P.O. Box 113, 60 Market Street, Watford, Herts.

"RUNDFUNK und Fernsehen." German Radio & TV Mnthly. Sub. Agt.: R. A. Law, 81 Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 5273.

MUSIC you prefer when you prefer it with European Radio. Programme details of 25 continental stations with articles and pictures about the music and musicians. Fridays, 6d. Bookstalls/Newsagents. Or Burap Publishing Co., Ltd., 137 Blackstock Road, London, N.4.

O'CASEY damns Godot, Priestley blasts the Bard in "Encore," radical drama q'terly; 5s. yr. Encore. P.O. Box 253, London S.W.7.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Inform. & literature from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage, Crewkerne, Somerset.

NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

POETRY and criticism, new and second-hand. David Archer, 34 Greek Street, W.1. GERrard 6114. (Open 10-7, including Saturdays). Behind Palace Theatre. Manager: Ralph Abercrombie.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s 3d monthly from all newsagents.

WTD. Borkenau, Bukharin, Rosenberg, James, Trotsky; bks./pamps. Box 3178.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

A PENGUIN or a library bought. Van calls. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamphs. Hammersmith Bkshop., Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat. R. & B. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Linguaphone Courses as new, French 8 gns., German 8gns., Russian 9 gns, or offers; 1950 Singer Electric Sewing Machine, hardly used, £25; all furniture for flat except kitchen and carpets.
WANTED: Scandinaviana; Refrigerator.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 3s first, 10d. each additional word, and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). The College Council invites applications for a Chair of Town Planning, the first such Chair to be established in New Zealand. The salary attaching to the position is £2,150 per annum. The Professor will be expected to take up his duties on a date to be arranged with the College Council. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is July 31, 1956.

DEPUTY Chief Personnel Officer required by large and expanding overseas company with progressive economic and social employee policy. Experience in personnel management essential with emphasis on the development of education and training schemes. Excellent prospects for the right type of candidate, who should be between the ages of 35 and 40, and preferably married. Salary £1,800 to £2,000. Write for further particulars to Box 5178.

AUSTRALIA. University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for a position of Lecturer in Social Studies. The salary will be £A1,300 to £A1,800 per annum. Superannuation similar to F.S.S.U. will be provided. Applicants should possess a first degree and a degree or diploma in social work and have had appropriate teaching and practical experience. The appointment will date from February 1, 1957, or as near as possible to this date. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is June 30, 1956.

UNIVERSITY College of the Gold Coast. Applications are invited for the following appointments in the Registrar's offices: (a) Assistant Chief Accountant. (b) 2 Assistant Registrars. For (a) candidates must be professionally qualified accountants, for (b) they must be graduates. Salary (a) £1,700 p.a., (b) £950×50—1,600 p.a., according to qualifications and experience. Allowance £100 p.a. per child (max. £500 p.a.). Outfit allowance £60. F.S.S.U. Passages for appointee, wife and maximum of 5 children on appointment, normal termination and leave. Part-furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.5 per cent of salary. Detailed applications (6 copies), naming 3 referees, by June 30, 1956, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

STATISTICIANS in the Home Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for posts of Assistant Statistician in Government Departments. Selection will be by interview in London in July. Age at least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1956, with extension for service in H.M. Forces and approved post-graduate statistical experience. Candidates may be mathematical or economic statisticians; they must have a First or Second Class Honours Degree (II (i) where the Second Class is divided) with statistics as the principal subject or a substantial part of the final examination, or a post-graduate University Diploma or higher Degree in Statistics. Those so qualifying this summer will be eligible. Starting pay in London, including Extra Duty Allowance (where payable), between £581 and £768 (£691 women), according to periods of National Service and post-graduate experience, rising to £1,050 (men) and £969 (women). Promotion prospects to £1,755 (men) and £1,625 (women) with possibility of later increases to £2,300 (men) and £2,192 (women). Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Salary scales and conditions of service are under review. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 96/56/9. Completed application forms should reach him by June 19, 1956.

AUCKLAND University College, New Zealand. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Modern Languages. The Lecturer will be required to teach German principally, at all stages up to M.A. Honours standard, but qualifications in French also will be an advantage. The salary scale for the position is from £985 to £1,235 per annum; annual increments of £50 are payable under this scale. The successful applicant will be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1957, or as soon thereafter as possible. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics., in N.Z. and London, July 31, 1956.

THE British Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering requires Graduate Assistants, to make abstracts in clear English from foreign languages publications. Some knowledge of Science, Engineering and Agriculture desirable. Salary scale £445—£1,170, with Pay Supplement, £69—£160. Starting salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Application forms from Secretary, N.I.A.E., Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor in the Department of Extra-Mural Education; preference will be given to candidates with qualifications in Music or Archæology. Salary scale within the range £550-£1,350. Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the University Court, The University, Glasgow, W.2, to whom applications should be returned as soon as possible; it is hoped that the successful candidate will be able to take up appointment on Sept. 1, 1956.

METEOROLOGICAL Office, Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. Early application is advised. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O.10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). They must have (or obtain in Summer, 1956) a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics. Salaries (London rates) £539—£973. Women's scales lower but being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,135—£1,310), and higher posts. Pay and conditions of service are under review. Particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S52/56 (Met.).

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Lecturer in the Department of Modern Languages and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. The teaching of the Lecturer will be devoted mainly to Medieval French; an applicant with qualifications in Old German may take some classes in German Philology. The salary will be £985 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,235 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. The successful applicant would be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1957, or at such other date as may be agreed upon by the College Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is July 12, 1956.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Lecturer in the Department of Philosophy, and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. The salary will be £985 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,235 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. The successful applicant would be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1957, or at such earlier or later date as may be agreed on by the College Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is July 31, 1956.

ASSISTANT Commissioners, National Savings Committee. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about 6 pensionable posts. Age at least 21 on March 1, 1956. University education and knowledge of economics desirable. Final year university students may apply. Experience of public speaking, control of office staff, and organisation of voluntary workers advantages. Starting salary for 45½-hour week in London (men) from £485 at age 21 to £609 at age 25 or over. Inclusive maximum: £1,247. Somewhat lower rates for women and for provincial posts. Women's pay being improved under equal pay scheme. Promotion prospects. Salary scales and conditions of service under review. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 154/56/8, application forms to be returned by June 15, 1956.

THE University of Hull. Department of Adult Education. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in the History of Art. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience, on the Assistant Lecturer's scale (£550 per annum×£50—£650 per annum) or the Lecturer's scale (£650 per annum×£50—£1,000), with F.S.S.U. and family allowances. Experience in lecturing to adult students desirable but not essential. Full particulars from the undernoted to whom applications (nine copies) should be sent by June 18, 1956. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of the Gold Coast. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for: (1) 2 Resident Tutorships specialising in Industrial Relations and Trade Union Studies. (2) 2 Resident Tutorships specialising in either Economics, History or Politics. Salary scale £950×£50—£1,600 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Allowance £100 p.a. per child (max. £500 p.a.). Outfit allowance £60. F.S.S.U. Passages for appointee, wife and maximum of 5 children on appointment, normal termination and leave. Part-furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.5% of salary. Detailed applications (8 copies), naming 3 referees, by June 18, 1956, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Hull. Departments of Theology and Adult Education. Applications are invited for a joint appointment in the above Departments of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Theology, depending on qualifications and experience. Salary on scale £550×£50—£650 or £650×£50—£1,350 per annum, with F.S.S.U. and children's allowances. Experience in lecturing to adult students desirable. Further particulars from the undernoted with whom applications (nine copies) must be lodged not later than June 16, 1956. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

THE University of Hull. Department of Adult Education. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Staff Tutor in English Literature for the period September 1, 1956, to August 31, 1957, on the salary scale £550×£50—£650 or £650×£50—£1,000 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Children's allowances payable. Special interest in Twentieth Century Literature and experience in lecturing to adult audiences desirable. Further particulars from the undernoted with whom applics. (9 copies) must be lodged not later than June 16, 1956. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Psychology. Applicants should have an honours degree and experience in research or in clinical work. Other things being equal, preference will be given to a candidate with research interests in Experimental and Comparative Psychology or to one experienced in Clinical Psychology. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £985 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,235 per annum. The appointee will be required to commence duties on February 1, 1957, or as soon thereafter as can conveniently be arranged. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics., in N.Z. and London, is July 15, 1956.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Lecturer in the Department of Psychology and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. The teaching assignment of the appointee will be in the field of general and experimental psychology. A major research interest of the Department is in the field of psychoethnology with special reference to non-European social groups in New Zealand and its Pacific dependencies. An applicant with appropriate research qualifications in this field would find opportunity to undertake special teaching and research appropriate to his interests and training. The salary will be £985 p.a., rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,235 p.a. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. The successful applicant would be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1957, or at such other date as may be agreed on by the College Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is July 31, 1956.

NETHERNE Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker. The hospital provides accommodation for 2,000 male and female patients. Clerical assistance and use of car. Applicants must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate but students completing the current course are invited to apply. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Whitley Council for the Health Service. Applications giving names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

EDINBURGH. As Director of progressive voluntary social case work agency, experienced University-qualified social worker wanted. Agency deals with all types of social casualty, runs two small family homes for children, is a registered adoption society, arranges foster-care and uses active support of voluntary committees. Staff of 3 trained case workers. Secretarial and administrative help provided. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply at once, naming two referees, to "Director," 4 Queen's Crescent, Edinburgh 9.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist for candidates who have specail knowledge of, or who are interested in palæobotany, malacology, helminthology, acarology, foraminifera. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates taking their degrees in 1956 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,135-£1,310 (women) £999-£1,220. Scientific Officers: (men) £539-£973; (women) £539-£898. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Pay and conditions of service are under review. Further particulars, for which early application is advised, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/56 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/56 for Scientific Officers. Application for posts in any branch of Chemistry or Biology must be made by June 30, 1956.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate—Educational Psychologist (Man or Woman) required to work under the direction of the Senior Educational Psychologist. Duties include reference of children to the existing clinical facilities, acting as a liaison officer between clinics, schools and the Council's inspectorate and administrative staff, general advisory work on organisation and method for classes for backward and maladjusted children. The Council's special schools will provide an important field of activity. Requirements—an Honours Degree in Psychology, training and experience (particularly in teaching). Salary: £846—£1,198, appointment above the minimum exceptionally. Application forms from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/X), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by June 16, 1956 (943).

THE Workers' Educational Association. South Wales District. Applications are invited from graduates with qualifications in the Social Sciences, History or Literature and a knowledge of trade union affairs, for the post of organising tutor for Adult Education in the industrial areas of Monmouthshire. The salary scale is £550 per annum, rising to a maximum of £900. Application forms and conditions of service can be obtained from the W.E.A., 52 Charles Street, Cardiff, and they should be returned no later than June 21.

THE Design Centre. Assistant Supervisor for reception staff. 23-29. Interest in Industrial Design, good appearance, degree or Higher School Certificate and retail experience essential. Attendance five days weekly including Saturdays. Starting salary £442-£480 according age and experience rising to £780 under equal pay scheme. 3 weeks' holiday. Pension. Application forms and further information from The Establishment Officer, The Council of Industrial Design, 28 Haymarket, S.W.1.

COUNTY Borough of West Bromwich. Education Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker in the Child Guidance Service. Qualifications and salary in accordance with the Whitley Council for the Health Service (P.T.A. Circular 33), within the range £495 (at age of 27)—£750. Applications should reach the undersigned as soon as possible, and state age, experience, qualifications, present and former positions, and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made. J. H. Turner, Director of Education, Education Offices, Highfields, West Bromwich.

SOCIAL workers required as Temporary Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Possibility of permanent appointment later. Duties concerned with social work in connection with the school health service, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social Science qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £528 (at age 24) —£705. Application forms and details obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.14958), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by June 20.

FAMILY Service Units are already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Stockport, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London, and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with "problem families" to many other parts of the country. Social caseworkers interested in participating in this development can obtain details by writing to 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TRANSLATORS required by Central Office of Information, Ref. BY785, to translate English into French, varied material for press publication. Essential qualifications: French must be mother tongue, good general knowledge and wide vocabulary; journalistic or literary experience desirable and ability to type. Ref. BY784 to translate into English from various European languages varied material of semi-technical nature for press usage. Essential qualifications: English must be mother tongue; first-class knowledge of at least two languages; literary skill and ability to type. Posts graded Assistant Information Officer (unestablished). Salary according to age, qualifications and experience rising to £863 (men), £730 (women). Also part-time translators, Ref. BY40 (1) mother tongue French or Spanish, to handle varied English material for press usage, (2) mother tongue English, to handle material from European tongues for press usage. Ability to type essential. Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates) quoting reference number as above to London Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, W.C.1, by June 16, 1956. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

ROYAL Scottish Museum, Edinburgh: Assistant Keeper (2nd Class). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable post in the department of art and ethnography. Duties include identification and registration of specimens, and arrangement and supervision of collections. Age at least 22 and under 26 (unless exceptionally well-qualified) on August 1, 1956; age extension for Forces Service and some Civil Service. Candidates must have, or obtain in summer, 1956, a University degree with First or Second Class Honours in an Arts subject, preferably in history, or geography, or languages, or fine art, or anthropology, or archæology. Salary (under review) £527—£761 (£686 women). Women's scale being improved under equal pay scheme. Higher starting pay for compulsory Forces Service and approved post-graduate experience. Promotion prospects. Further information and application forms from the Director, Royal Scottish Museum, Chambers Street, Edinburgh, 1. Application forms to be returned by June 30, 1956.

YORK Adult Educational Settlement. Applications are invited for the post of Warden (man or woman). A good Honours Degree and experience in Adult Education are essential. The Warden will be expected to take two extra-mural classes in the Settlement for the University of Hull. Salary £700 p.a. with house and superannuation. Full particulars from the Hon. Secretary, The Settlement, Holgate Hill, York. Applications by June 18, 1956.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Probationary Assistant Lecturer in German. Preference will be given to candidates whose special subject is the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Commencing salary between £550 and £650 per annum according to age and qualifications. F.S.S.U. benefits and family allowances. Applications (six copies) must be sent by June 23, 1956, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History with special interests and qualifications in Medieval Economic History. Salary scale £550 to £650 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than June 22, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

EDUCATIONAL Assistant required for schemes of adult education in a large co-operative society. Experience of co-operative education desirable. Salary £600 p.a., plus bonus in accordance with the society's rules. Superannuation scheme. No living accommodation available. Details and application form to be returned by Wednesday, June 20, from the Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

UNIVERSITY of Bristol. Applications are invited for the temporary post of Junior Fellow in Drama for the Session 1956-57. Salary £550 to £650 for the year according to age and qualifications. Candidates should have interests in 18th and 19th century studies and should hold a good honours degree in history or English. Applications should be sent to the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by June 25.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £28 6s. 8d. a month, less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays.

RESIDENT Warden for Beauchamp Lodge Settlement, 2 Warwick Crescent, W.2. Must have Social Science qualifs. Aug. or sooner. Salary according to qualifs. and exp. Apply: Chairman at above address.

PART-time tutors in English required for Italian boys (mornings only) at £4 per week. Box 5117.

ORGANISING Secretary (man or woman), age not under 25, required for Mass Radiography Unit based at Paddington General Hospital. Good general education and administrative experience essential. Ability to drive car an advantage. Salary grade E, £570×£20 (6)—£690 (plus £20 or £30 London Weighting according to age). Improved scale expected. Apply, stating age and experience with names of two referees to Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 11a Portland Place, W.1, by July 2, 1956.

COUNTY Borough of West Bromwich Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Unqualified Psychiatric Social Worker in the Child Guidance Service. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council for the Health Service within the range £420-£635. A Trainee Scheme is at present being considered whereby the person appointed, after a satisfactory probationary period, would be given some assistance by the Authority to train as a Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent to the undersigned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. J. H. Turner, Director of Education, Education Offices, Highfields, West Bromwich.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for a Research Fellowship or Associateship in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. A Fellowship or Associateship is subject to annual renewal and is normally tenable for three years. A Fellow should possess a doctor's degree or have had equivalent research experience; an Associate should be a graduate of at least two years' standing. The salary will be not less than £550 p.a. for a Fellow, and £500 p.a. for an Associate, with membership of the F.S.S.U. and family allowances. Applications (two copies), with the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, not later than June 23, 1956. Candidates are invited to submit with their applications a brief outline of their proposed research. G. L. Barnes, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 15.

ST. JAMES Hospital, Portsmouth. Play Therapist, Children's Department. Applications for the above post are invited from persons holding an honours degree in psychology of a University of England, Wales, Scotland or Ireland. Salary and Conditions of Service in accordance with P.T.A. Circular No. 27 of the Professional and Technical Council "A" of the Whitley Councils for the Health Services. The post is subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations. Applications, stating age, qualifications, full details of experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should be addressed to the Physician Superintendent, who will be pleased to answer any enquiries from persons who are interested in this appointment. Leonard Brown, Group Secretary.

LONDON County Council. Part-time Educational Psychologist reqd. for 6 sessions a week at Battersea Child Guidance Unit, 6 Cambridge Road, S.W.11. Duties include liaison work with schools. Qualifications required: Degree in Psychology, clinical training and teaching experience. Fee £2 4s. 5d. a session. Applications by letter, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/J), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, by June 13. (956.)

SURREY Education Committee. Youth Service. Applications are invited from qualified men or women for the post of full-time Club Leader as under:—Carshalton—Glastonbury Youth Club. Mixed Youth Club catering primarily for boys and girls of 15 to 20 years of age. A recognised Diploma or Certificate of Training, together with practical experience in mixed youth club work is essential. Salary, men: £460×£25—£640; women: £425×£25—£590 p.a. (plus equal pay increments). Plus London Weighting. Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of s.a.e. from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, to be returned within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

LONDON County Council. Gorseway School, Hayling Island, Hants. Applications are invited for a new appointment as Resident Domestic Bursar at this boarding school for 36 educationally sub-normal children aged 2-7 years. Duties, to commence in January, 1957, will include responsibility to the headmistress for the catering and domestic administration and for the well-being of the children. Training and experience in institutional management are desirable. Salary £521 14s.×£21 3s.—£564×£28 4s.—£592 4s. plus special allowance of £28 4s. a year. An appointment above the minimum of this scale may be made for a candidate with relevant experience. Board, lodging and laundry provided for approx. £120 12s. a year at present rates. Applic. forms, returnable by June 18, and further details from Educ. Officer (Estab. 6/981/E), County Hall, London, S.E.1.

VACANCY September, on staff of Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset (Co-educational), to supervise children's meals, clothes and bedrms. Knowl. First Aid an advantage. Appl. by letter to Principal.

WANTED: Assistant Club Leader for large Jewish Mixed Club (London) all age groups. Experience in Youth work and interest in religious aspect essential. Box 5218.

COPYWRITER. Applications are invited for the position of copywriter in the advertising department of leading photographic firm near London. Experience is not essential, but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application. Age not above 30. Non-contributory pension scheme. Apply Box 5271.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a temporary Tutorship in Economics. Salary between £400 and £500 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance and may be renewed for a second year. Applications should be sent by June 30, 1956, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, Nr. Witney, Oxon (a special school for maladjusted children, recognised by the Ministry of Education)) requires experienced teacher from September, 1956, for lesson group of ten severely disturbed children of average intelligence. Interesting experimental work as member of treatment team. Burnham Scale with full increments, full residential emoluments in exchange for extraneous duties. Adequate free time. Accommodation near school provided.

THE Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, Nr. Witney, Oxon (a special school for maladjusted children, fully recognised by Ministry of Education), requires deputy matron as member of treatment team. Good salary and adequate free time. Intg. experimental work.

VACANCY in Manchester for Physical Director. Ability to organise large numbers in all branches of physical and recreational activities. Apply in writing giving full particulars of experience and qualifications to: P.T., Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

THE Design Centre. Receptionist required for permanent but changing exhibition to give information about and to care for exhibits. Good education and appearance and some retail experience essential. Art school training desirable. Age 20-29. Five days weekly between Monday and Saturday, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Three weeks' holiday. Pension scheme. Starting salary £6 11s. at 20 then according to age up to £8 12s. at 26 or over rising to £11. Write full details of age, education and posts held with dates to The Establishment Officer, The Council of Industrial Design, 28 Haymarket, S.W.1.

FULL-time assistant Youth leader, woman, required in North Kensington. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Pension scheme. Apply to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29, Mulready Street, N.W.8.

READING Education Committee. Hostels for Maladjusted Children. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Warden and Matron of Mockbeggar Hostel, 25 Whiteknights Road, Reading. The hostel accommodates up to 20 boys aged 7-15 who are in need of short term residential treatment in a secure affectionate environment. Children attend local schools and treatment is under the direction of the staff of the Berkshire Child Guidance Clinic. Applicants should have had previous experience in the residential care of deprived or difficult children, and training such as the Home Office Child Care Residential Course would be regarded as an asset. Salary scales: Warden £460×£15—£525 per annum. Matron £415×£15—£475 per annum. £113 per annum deducted in each case for emoluments. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from Dr. Ella Ward, Berkshire Child Guidance Clinic, 27 Kidmore Road, Caversham, Reading. Completed applications must be returned to Dr. Ward not later than June 16, 1956. (Signed) P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Blagrave Street, Reading.

COUNTY Borough of Huddersfield. Children's Department. Resident Relief Assistant House Mother required for Children's Homes. Salary £340×£15 to £385, less £113 for board, lodging and laundry. Applications, with names of two referees, to Children's Officer, 26 Ramsden Street, Huddersfield. Harry Bann, Town Clerk.

B.A. or B.Sc. tutor Comm. Entr. Maths. Girls' estabt. Mornings. French and G.C.E. Maths. an advantage. Sept. Box 5070.

LONDON Charity requires a Lady case worker; applicant must be a graduate trained in family case work and must also have been employed in a family case work agency. At least 3 years' experience is essential. Salary by arrangement. Apply Box 4853.

PHŒNIX Gallery reqs. assistant (young or older) in bookcase showroom. Some shop exp. an advantage, but intelligence and pleasant manner important. Write or call, 38 William IV St., Charing Cross.

PROFESSIONAL Association, Bloomsbury district requires lady Committee Clerk, must be a speedy accurate typist. Shorthand, though not essential, an advantage. Previous experience of Committee work helpful. Salary within range £400-£500. Appointment pensionable. Apply Box 5214.

SHORTHAND/Typist with knowledge book-keeping reqd. Apply Sec., Friends Peace Cttee., Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

ASSISTANT to Directors. Vacancy with reputable London Trading Company for British-born man, minimum age 28, maximum 38. Essential qualifications: good University degree in Economics or Engineering, fluent speaking, perfect health, skill in driving. Good French or German an advantage. Initial salary: £1,000, plus expenses. Excellent prospects for advancement. Suitable applicants under 28 considered, but on lower initial basis. Fullest particulars (which will be treated confidentially) in own handwriting to Box 5066.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Secretary of the British Peace Committee, stating age, experience and qualifications, and giving the names of two referees. Applics., which will be treated in confidence, must be received at this office, British Peace Ctee., 81 City Rd., E.C.1, by June 15.

SECRETARY required for Classics Dept. at University College London (Gower St., W.C.1), from July 1956 to Sept. 1957. Secretarial experience; good speeds shorthand/typing essential; married woman desiring limited period of employment might be suitable. Salary range £400-£500 p.a. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

EXPERIENCED Secretary required for University Research Laboratory, Cambridge, to act as Personal Secretary and to help with the general running of the Laboratory. Applications giving age, qualifications, experience, to Box 5152.

ENGLISH-German secretary reqd. for Managing Director of City Company offering interesting position with good sal. & working conditions to reliable, efficient lady, shorthand both langs. Box 5240 or MAN 6729.

CAPABLE shorthand-typist wanting interesting & responsible position required to act as secretary for new & expanding publishing & advertising company in Bloomsbury. Hrs. 10-4.30, 5-day wk. £7 p.w. Box 5248.

SEC./sh.-typist reqd. for intg. work, City exporters' office. Knowl. German & Span. adv. Gd. sal. MON. 9966, ext. 238.

EDUCATED shorthand-typist-sec. wtd. by Jewish organisation. Knowl. German an advantage. Pt.-time offers consid. Box 5144.

SHORTHAND-typist for German legal work wanted part-time. Apply Box 5149.

IRVING Th., Leicester Sq., reqs. lady for office & typg. 11-3. Call after 6.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist required for Office of West End Art Gallery. First-class French correspondent. Interesting post for energetic and efficient person. Good sal. & prospects. Perm. position. Box 5197.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand-typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

£6-£12. Interesting posts. Call at once. Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke Street, W.1. MAYfair 6626.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

CHORLEYWOOD, Hertfordshire. Royal National Institute for the Blind. Chorleywood College (for girls with little or no sight). Housekeeper required in September to supervise domestic staff and stores, keep household accounts and give some secretarial help to the Headmistress, to whom application should be made as soon as possible.

WANTED, someone intelligent and responsible, fond of children, to look after two little girls three years and seven years (day school). Own room house Knightsbridge Square. Friendly, permanent post for right person, any nationality provided English good. Please write Box 5087.

VERSATILE help wanted café north Cornish coast mid-July-mid-September. Suit pre-University student. Dodgson, Doyden, Portquin, Port Isaac, N. Cornwall.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTELLIGENT man, 34, excellent driver, own car, seeks remunerative work, London or near. Box 5199

LADY warden, expd. management, catering, excel. refs., seeks post. Box 5137.

RESIDENTIAL position reqd. by pleasant capable widow with teenage daughter. Expd. housekeeper/typist. Daughter following own occupation. Box 5250.

WOMAN executive, exper. staff control, industrial relations, committee secretary, organiser, public speaker & interpreter, fluent French & German, widely travelled, seeks responsible post. Box 5254.

COUNTRY and town lover, lady, 36, seeks residential job, secretarial/social. Fed up office routine. Prefers people to papers. Wants to put down roots and leave world a slightly better place. Suggestions? Box 4856.

WOMAN (Mensendieck trained) seeks post. Summer school/camp/guest house. Interested reception/admin./catering. Speaks German, Dutch, French. Box 5226.

EX-T.U. official, expd. all aspects arising from workmen's accidents, seeks same or similar work, personnel or social. Marrin, 123 Welham Rd., S.W.16. STR. 3677.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THE Royal, E.15. MAR. 5973. "The Quare Fellow." Tu.-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 & 8.30.

TAVISTOCK Repertory Company, Canonbury Place, N.1 (CAN. 5111) presents first English stage production of Anouilh's "Medea" (translated by Lothian Small) on June 8, 9, 10 (members only), 14, 15, 16, at 7.30 p.m. Reserved seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. M.), S., Sn. 5 & 8. "Off the Mainland." Mems.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. Polly. John Gay's sequel to Beggar's Opera. Fri, Sat, Sun, 7.45.

EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. Until June 10: Carné's "Le Jour se Lève" (A). From June 11: Henry Fonda in "The Long Night" (American version "Le Jour se Lève") (A).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. June 10. 6 dys. Julie Harris, "I Am A Camera" (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., June 9. Gary Cooper, Frenchot Tone in The Lives of A Bengal Lancer (U). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

"CRY the Beloved Country" & document. "African Conflict" Film Show. French Inst., Queensberry Pl. S.W.7. Sat. June 23, 8 p.m. Ad. tkts. only (7s. 6d., 5s.) Write S. African New Age Cttee, 38 Eastern Rd. N.2.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat. June 9, 8-11. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones." Members 3s. & their guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

WILLIAM Morris Singers present "Song of the Yellow River." Also Chinese artists. Sun. June 17, 7 p.m. Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq., W.1. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

EXHIBITION of Church Plate, and Music Festival, Sunday, June 10, till Sat., June 16, at St. Margaret Lothbury, E.C.2. Programmes at Church.

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Renoir—50 paintings from European Collections. In aid of the Renoir Fountain. Closes June 23. Adm. 3s. Students 1s. 6d. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. XIX- & XX-Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

SLATTER, 30 Old Bond St. Exhbn. Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture and Paintings by Marino Marini. Until June 16.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Recent Portraits and other Sculptures by Louise Hutchinson. Paintings by Denis Wirth-Miller. Until June 8.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Pntgs. by Colin Allen, Kenneth Long, Sheila Pratt, Ernest Zobok.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Rodin Bronzes against a Background of French Drawings.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, Soho, W.1. New sculpture by Peter King.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Patrick Heron; Mary Fedden; and Robert Macgowan. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes June 30.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Exhibition of paintings, sculpture & mosaics by seven contemporary Venetian artists. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closed Sundays. Adm. 6d. Until June 30.

FOLIO Society, 70 Brook St., W.1. Paintings and Prints by Grant, La Dell, Lambourne, Masterman, Rieser and Van Rossem. Monday to Friday, 11-6.30.

R.A.F. in the Middle East & Kenya, Pamela Drew's Paintings. Imperial Institute, S.W.7. Daily 10-4.30, Sun. 2.30-6. Until July 1

CHARLES Howard: Paintings and Drawings. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Opens June 14, 2 p.m. Week-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters, 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE Soc. of Painters & Sculptors. 2nd Exhibition. Arts Council Gallery, All Saints' Passage, Cambridge, June 2-23, daily except Sundays. 10.30-6.30.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17. The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

SOME 20th-Century Spanish Paintings. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Closes June 9. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Adm. 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

C.L.F.S. June 13. General Meeting. 7.30. 2 Bloomsbury Square.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tues, June 12, 8.15. Discn., Report on the Cannes Film Festival. Speakers incl. Ivo Jarosy, Roland Penrose & James Quinn. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Wed., June 13, 8.15. Discn., "Freud & the Arts." Speakers incl. Lawrence Alloway, G. S. Fraser & Adrian Stokes. Chair: Robert Melville. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Thurs., June 14, 8.15. Discn., Mass Communications. IV: "Billy Graham as a Mass Communicator." Speakers incl. Tom Driberg, Joseph McCullogh. Chair: J. R. M. Brumwell. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Membership invited.

MOVEMENT for Colonial Freedom. Public Meetings. "South Africa—Human Rights," Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m., Fri., June 8, 1956. Speakers: Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., A. Wedgwood Benn, M.P., Canon L. John Collins, Victor Gollancz, Lady Megan Lloyd-George, Fenner Brockway (Chairman). Tickets 1s. from Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Delegate Conference on South Africa, Beaver Hall, E.C.4, 2.30-10 p.m., June 9, 1956. Delegates 2s. 6d., observers 1s. Speakers: Canon L. John Collins, Solly Sachs, Jennie Lee, M.P., Joseph Grimond, M.P. (Liberal Party Chief Whip), Seretse Khama & others.

CHRISTIANS and Cyprus: a sermon to be preached on Eve of Feast of St. Barnabas of Cyprus, by the Rev. Stanley Evans, Holy Trinity Church, Beechwood Rd., Dalston. Sunday, June 10, 6.30 p.m.

I.L.P. Public Meeting at Holborn Hall. Fri., June 15, 7.45 p.m. Speaker: F. A. Ridley, "Whither Germany, East or West?"

ROSENBERG-Sobell Meeting. Speakers: Sydney Silverman, M.P., Dr. Donald Soper, Monica Whately, Anne Marie Walters, M.B.E. (author of "Moondrop to Gascony"). Chair.: Rev. Stanley Evans. Conway Hall, June 19, 7.45. 1s. Rosenberg-Sobell Cttee., 29 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

ACADEMY House, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. (Park 7379). Tues. June 12, 8 p.m. Piano Recital by C. Wootton & D. Trbovic. Mon. June 18, 8 p.m. "Glimpses of Asia", slides & comntry., Stephen Hay.

JON Kimche on the Middle East. Public mtg. St. Marylebone L.P. (Wards 1 & 2) at Princess of Wales, corner Abbey Rd. & Belsize Rd., N.W.8, June 12, 8 p.m.

SOCIOLOGY Gp. Progressive League. Wed. June 13, at 7.30, D. MacRae, "Class Conflict & Social Mobility." 13 Pr. of Wales Terr., High St., Kensington. Adm. 1s. 6d.

"WHERE is China Going?" illus. slides: Derek & Hung-Ying Liao Bryan. Tuesday, June 12, 8 p.m., Hampstead Town Hall. Adm. 6s. Hampstead B.C.F.A.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Last Public Lecture at this address, Wed., June 13, 6.30: "Strange Sayings," Mr. P. Mehta. Read "The Middle Way," 2s. 6d. quarterly (special Buddha Jayanti number now on sale 3s. 6d.). Information (till 15.6.56) EUS. 7770. Watch for announcement of our new home and future plans. You can still book for our 5th Annual Summer School at Hoddesdon, 31.8 to 6.9.56.

THREEFOLD Yoga. Talks ev. Tues. 6.30 p.m., June 12, "Action," Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., 7.30, June 14. Yoga of Knowledge. Suns. 5 p.m. at 68 Duke Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, June 10, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. J. B. Coates: "The Second Sex."

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue between Donald Ford & J. B. Coates on "The Common Secondary School," Conway Hall, Tuesday, June 12, 7.30 p.m.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri., June 15, 8.30. Dr. P. Hardy. "A Medieval Muslim Religious Interpretation of History (Zia Ud-din Barni)." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

SHAW Society: "What is Vital in Shaw," by Archibald Robertson; 7 Albemarle St., June 15, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. Details: 45, Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

W. E. SWINTON, Ph.D. "Evolution Today." June 10, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., June 16. M. M. Moreau (Alliance Française): La Savoie: Aix-les-Bains, villégiature de quelques britanniques illustres.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11 (PARk 7379), Fri., June 8, 8 p.m. Nicolas Naef, "Maly Theatre in Old Moscow" (in Russian). Fri., June 15, 8 p.m. Edward Crankshaw, "Russia Today."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

OXFORD. Marlborough Secretarial College, 110A High Street. Tel. Oxford 4349. Comprehensive training for high-grade Secretarial appointments for Students of good general education. Foreign languages. Small classes, individual attention. Prospectus on application to Headmistress, Mrs M. Robson.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

GRESHAM College, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2. Tel. MONarch 2433. Four Lectures on "The Moving Hand or The Problem of Meaning" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Richard Hughes, Esq., O.B.E., Mon. to Thurs. June 11 to 14. The Lectures are free and begin 5.30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Aspects of Education": (i) "History of a French Village, its Roads and its Schools"; (ii) "Evolution of Morocco, I. Its Roads and its Schools"; (iii) "Evolution of Morocco, II" will be given by Monsieur R. Thabault (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on June 13, 14 and 18, at the Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on (i) "Myth and Social Organisation in the French Sudan"; (ii) "Parenté et Mariage au Soudan Français"; (iii) "Les Masques des Bambara" will be delivered by Mme. Germaine Dieterlen (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on June 13, 14 and 15 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. The second and third lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket.

COLLEGE of Europe, Bruges. Applications are invited for the year's course of European studies 1956-7. Holders of State and County scholarships, with 1st or 2nd class Honours, can apply for extension of grant to cover the course. For independent candidates the cost is about £375. Studies include Modern History, Law, Economics, Sociology, Politics and Geography, and are relevant for international institutions, journalism and broadcasting, as well as for academic careers. Applications should be made, with record, two testimonials and photograph, to the Secretary, College of Europe Committee, 47 Eaton Place, London, S.W.1, by July 9.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry (University of London). The next postgraduate course in clinical and educational psychology will start on September 3, 1956. The course, which covers a period of 13 months, prepares students for the University of London Postgraduate Diploma in Psychology (Section D—Abnormal Psychology). It is open to graduates with an honours degree in psychology or its equivalent. Applicants who propose to specialise in educational psychology must have appropriate training and experience in education. Vacancies are limited and therefore further inquiries and applications should be made as soon as possible to Psychology Dept., Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College offers an intensive secretarial training to Graduates and other well-educated girls. Small classes, expert tutors, individual attention, excellent results. Languages and foreign shorthand. Private secretarial posts obtained. Interview by appointment only. Prospectus from Principal, Mrs. M. K. Monypenny L. es L., 62 Bayswater Road, London, W.2. PAD. 3320.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries & Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work & for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. Day & residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Road, London, N.W.3.

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DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners. July 2 to July 27. (Next course October/November.) Particulars from the Director, Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. (WES. 6564.)

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre. School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford Street, W.1. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day & evening classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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SUMMER School in Painting and Fine Art at the Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle. Tuition in portraiture, still-life and landscape painting by expert tutors. Intensive study of Masterpieces in the Galleries. Expeditions in Teesdale. Further details from Director of Extra-Mural Studies, 32 Old Elvet, Durham City.

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LANGUAGE Holidays. Combine an interesting holiday with improving your French, German, Italian or Spanish. Our Language Leaflet will give you full particulars of our special House Party and Language Holidays in Britain and on the Continent. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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PERSONAL

A FREE holiday with pay is offered to a fully qualified artist from the middle of July. Preference given to those with knowledge of Italian. Box 5058.

CAMBRIDGE woman graduate (30) wishes stay in Europe from Sept. (preferably University town). Offers 3 hours English conversation daily for room & board. Box 4882.

WOULD lady (any age) be willing share family life with couple, 2 children, own home, N.E. Scotland holiday resort. Holiday given in return light duties, confidential nature. June-August. Box 4831.

CAN anyone help young artist with own exquisite furniture, desperate for accom., find basement or possibly unfurn. flat, near Central London to starve in? Will buy f. & f. or pay towards conversion. Box 5171.

AU Pair, small modern flat, Hendon district, simple cooking, business couple, ample study/leisure time. Very congenial. Raphael, 12 Farm Court, London, N.W.4.

PRIVATE tuition required by adult student in English Literature. Box 5119.

PIANIST (m) wants accom. (any), Broadstairs area, mid-June-end Aug. Box 5204.

GRADUATE couple, young children, offer fortnight's hospitality any season London (central) return same August seaside/country. Together or separately. Box 5084.

FRENCHMAN aged 26 wishing to perfect English seeks accom. with cultured English family for 3-4 months from end June, pref. in/nr. London. Oleg Trachkévitch, 4 Ave. Delariviere, Taverny (Seine-et-Oise).

TO let. South Brittany. Carnac. Grd. floor flat, facing sea, sleep 6, shower and w.c., June and Sept., £20-£25 month. Trinité-sur-mer, yachting, 100yds. sea; cottage, sleep 4/5, w.c., Sept. £20. Cardozo, 4 Windsor Ride, Camberley.

YOUNG bachelor seeks another to share his flat, N.W. London. Further details, HARrow 5206 any morn. or write Box 5186.

YOUNG woman, Univ. post, wishes join small party late August-mid-September, lazy Mediterranean holiday. Box 5146.

YOUR house or flat redesigned with taste & economy. Interdesign, BRI. 3529.

YOUNG man with spare time evenings & w/e's; intelligent and resourceful. Intd. in profitable employmt. Any offers? Box 4877.

WILL family rec. German girl 21, Aug. exch. or help hse./chldrn. Box 5167.

AU Pair. Young Frenchman at present in England seeks interesting occupation for next two months. Box 5079.

MOTORING Switzerland near Montreux Aug. 2 spare seats. Harris, 16 Corringham Court, N.W.11. SPE. 0450.

2 Schoolmistresses sk. holiday accom, in return for pet-sitting or other services. Anything considered (almost). Box 5145.

ONE or two seats doctor's car Perugia-Rome, July 7-August 4. Male co-driver, share expenses. Box 5064.

2 SEATS available in car, leaving 30.7.56, for fortnight Continent. Box 4867.

GENEVA—Munich. Gentleman welcomes another. 1955 Hillman, London July 23. Share expenses. Box 4886.

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CHILDREN'S Seaside Camp, 11-18 yrs. Aug. Isle of W. 3½gns. p.w. Dr. Ostergaard, 12 Park Drive, N.W.11. SPE. 2509.

HOLIDAY post for Aug. sought by prof. yg. woman. Suggestns. welc. Box 5127.

YNG. stud (f.) speaking Engl., German, Portuguese, wishes see something of Continent or England. Wd. mind children/help gen. in Camp or Summer Schl. Box 5143.

A T.V.'s television programme "The 64,000 Question" is on a nation-wide search for men and women who have a remarkable knowledge of any subject other than the one they earn their living by. The 64,000 Question, A.T.V., Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

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SWITZERLAND. Walking and Mountain Climbing Holiday. Swimming and tennis. July 8-20, 1956. 114 francs incl. Albert Schweitzer College, Churwalden. (4,000ft.)

ACADEMIC Tours of Zurich have chartered a ship for a cruise to Greece & Turkey accompanied by Univ. Lecturers. July 21 to Aug. 6. Also other tours. Apply 32 Redcliffe Road, S.W.10. FLA. 0708.

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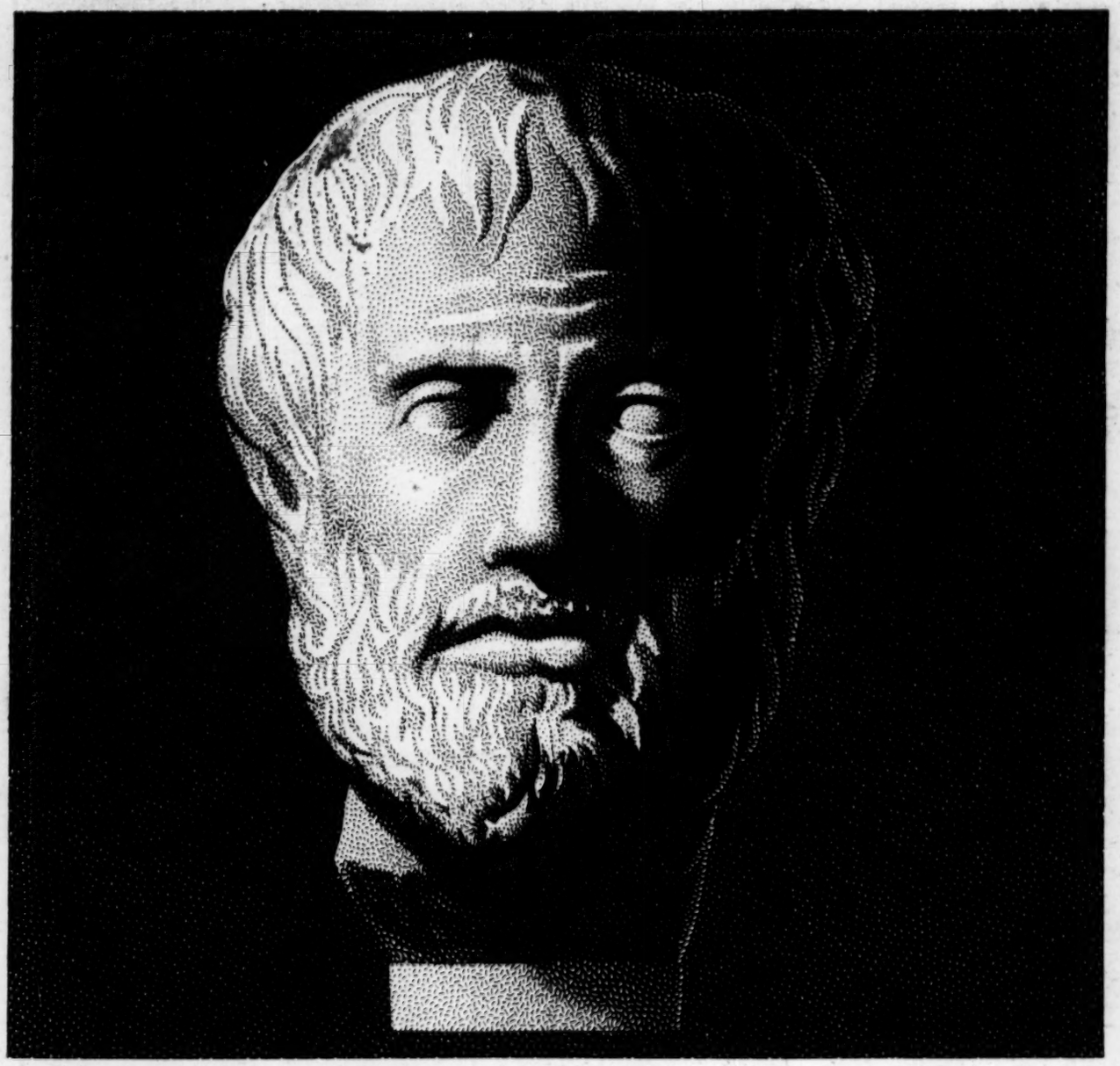

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